Spirit of the Times

OFFICE { AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT, CORNER BROADWAY AND BARCLAY ST.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1839.

VOL. VIII. No 50

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Jan. 26—Last night of the engagement of Mrs. BAILEY, Mr. BROUGH, and Mr. MORLEY. LA GAZZA LADRA, or THE MAID OF PALAISEAU—and TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

MONDAY, Jan. 28—Mrs. BAILEY'S BENEFIT, on which occasion Mr. Brough and Mr. Morley will appear. First Act of LA GAZZA LADRA—CHARLES II.—and PET OF THE PETTICOATS.

TUESDAY, Jan. 29—Mrs. RICHARDSON'S BENEFIT. RICHARD III.: Richard, Mr. DARROW—and SONS AND SYSTEMS.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 30—Mr. MORLEY'S BENEFIT, on which occasion Mrs. Bailey has kindly volunteered her services, being the last night of her appearance. A favorite Opera, and, for the first time in this Theatre, the Farce of NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, taken from the Novel of that name.

THURSDAY, Jan. 31—A favorite Comedy, and the new Farce of NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

FRIDAY, Feb. 1—Mr. HUGHES' FAREWELL BENEFIT, prior to his departure for Europe; and his last appearance on any stage.

PIZARRO.

Rolla..... Mr. J. W. WALLACK.

who has on this occasion kindly volunteered his services—a Favorite Farce, and other entertainments.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Jan. 26—Will be acted for the *last time*, THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII: Arbaces, Mr. HAMBLIN—to conclude with the new Farce of NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

MONDAY, Jan. 28—NORMAN LESLIE: Norman Leslie, Mr. Hamblin—and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

☞ NORMAN LESLIE and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY will be repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

A CARD.

PARK THEATRE.—Mrs. BAILEY respectfully announces to her friends and the public that her BENEFIT will take place on Monday Evening, January 28th, on which occasion will be presented the entire of the first Act of LA GAZZA LADRA, embracing the opening cavatina of *Ninetta, (Di Piacer)* with the duet, trio, grand finale, and chorus; after which, the Comedy of CHARLES THE SECOND—Mary Copp, by Mrs. BAILEY, in which character she will sing "The Soldier's Tear," and "Away, away, to the Mountain's Brow," &c. To conclude with the favorite farce of THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS—Paul, the Pet, (with songs,) Mrs. BAILEY, as originally played by her at this theatre Box Book now open.

A CARD.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. HUGHES, Musical Director, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his FAREWELL BENEFIT is fixed for Friday next, February 1st, on which occasion will be performed the Tragic Play of PIZARRO, with all its original Music, &c., and positively for this night only, J. W. WALLACK, Esq., (Lessee of the National,) has kindly consented to appear in his celebrated character of *Rolla*. Further particulars will be duly announced.

PEALE'S MUSEUM,

AND AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 252 Broadway, opposite the City Hall.—Every evening for a very limited time, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock, there will be a GRAND CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Principal Performers—Master ST. LUKE, the American Paganini; a Young Lady, pupil of Mr. St. Luke; and Mr. JENKINS. Mr. BEAMS will preside at the Piano Forte

Admittance to Museum and Saloon—Front seats 50 cents, upper seats 25 cents. Children under 12, when attended by parents or guardians, half-price. [J12]

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

TO LET OR LEASE, for a term of years, the above well known establishment, situated in the most central part of Broadway, near Canal street, together with all the Scenery, Furniture, and fixtures.

The Scenery, &c., is nearly new, and the house has fixtures for burning Gas throughout, together with every other convenience which appertains to such establishments. To any enterprising leader of a Theatrical Company, an opportunity now offers which seldom is to be met with.

It will be rented on very favorable terms. Apply at No. 149 Water-st. [d15]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The London price of "*The Sporting Review*" is 2*s* 6*d*. sterling per number, to which add the average current rate of exchange, and its annual cost here is *eight* dollars We are not aware that Mr. Ackermann, the publisher, has an agent here; should one be announced in the January number of the "Review," we will publish his address. LEA & BLANCHARD, booksellers, Philadelphia, or WM. A. COLMAN, of this city, would probably forward the work regularly to any part of the Union on payment of ten dollars per annum in advance.

The suggestion of J. W. W. relative to the form of this paper cannot be entertained, though it would be attended with less expense than the present shape. The same suggestion has often been made, but there are many good and sufficient reasons why we cannot adopt it, the principal one of which is, that nine tenths of our readers would be dissatisfied with the alteration. The most popular journals of this country and of Europe are printed in the form of the "Spirit of the Times." Indeed of the twenty seven weekly papers in London that enjoy the widest circulation, but four are exceptions to our present form of publication, and the same remark will apply to our contemporaries in this city. We shall be able to show J. W. W. "a new wrinkle" on the 16th of next month, that will prove to him, we trust, that "some things can be done as well as others."

The article on the "Extortionate Prices of Stallions" by "*A Breeder*," contains just those shrewd, sensible, and enlarged views of the matter, we should have anticipated from the pen of the distinguished gentleman who has kindly furnished it. It will be given in our next, and in the meantime we beg to assure the writer that nothing would be more acceptable to our readers or ourselves, than the realization of his intimation that "in a future communication he will 'give in his own experience' on the subject of Breeding"

A letter from "N. of Arkansas," and another relative to the new race course at Wheeling, Va., are unavoidably crowded out to day.

The "Soliloquy of a Would be Loafer" is accepted.

Florence.—Mr. S. has disposed of half his interest in this beautiful filly for $2500 as we wrote "N." some time since.

Yesterday's Mails brought us capital letters from "Pete Whetstone"—from "Lewis of L."—"S." of Lexington, Ky.—B. P. of New Orleans—the Secretary of the Nashville J. Club—P. N. E of Lynesville—J. M. Y. of Montgomery—and L. P. C. of Nashville, all for publication. We have no room in to day's paper, but shall give them in our next.

The Great Four Mile Sweepstakes at Nashville, Tenn., of $5000 each subscription, has received 29 subscribers, making $145,000! The largest stake ever known.

The Sweepstakes on the Union Course next Spring will be run in the order of their original publication in this paper, in Feb. last.

Several articles in type for to-day's paper have been crowded out by the "*Review of the English Turf for* 1838-9" by "YATES," to which we invite attention as one of the most interesting articles on the subject that has appeared this season.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—A barren chronicle would it be to write down the incidents of the closing week. Benefit has succeeded benefit, and it would puzzle a philosopher to say who had the thinnest house. On Monday next we hope some change is to be effected, for on the evening of that day Mrs. BAILEY is to take her benefit. Her bill is very excellent,—the first and best act of "La Gazza Ladra," "Charles the 2d," in which *Mary Copp* is to be sustained by the fair beneficiary, and "The Pet of the Petticoats," in which she is very well remembered. The engagement of Mrs. B. has been played while afflicted with the severest grief at home, and yet has she acquitted herself with high honor. The new opera has not drawn good houses truly, but yet has it been no failure. Other causes than poor music, or inefficient representations, have been at work, and it is not hazardous to predict that nothing but fresh and great attraction from across the water can permanently fill the benches of "Old Drury."

It is lamentable that a production so exquisite as is "La Gazza Ladra," should be neglected. Coming immediataly from an effective representation, of any play or opera, one is apt to overrate its excellence, and to imagine it superior to all former productions. Under the apprehension of making this error, we have waited from day to day, that we might judge coolly and deliberately of "La Gazza Ladra," but as if in despite of our own wishes, we are compelled to pronounce it a miracle of power. Every night you perceive some hitherto undiscovered charm. No passage is wearisome, and every curtailment made upon it to satisfy croakers, seems a ruthless outrage upon the perfect whole. Every note of the second act thrills the listener,—it is all pathos and sentiment, clothed in delicious harmony. But the first act is the general favorite,—the overture and opening chorus,—the solo of the *Podesta*, of *Adolphe*, in fact, of each prominent part,—the wonderfully pleasing trio which received an encore the first night,—some brilliant solos in which the clear, soft tones of Mrs. BAILEY are poured forth with singular finish,—her opening cavatina, famed for its brilliancy,—and the finale, as grand as anything in our recollection,—all contribute to make this act universally popular with the few who nightly listen to it. It is peculiar to the music of BELLINI, that it abounds in passages of such simplicity, as to seize the attention of the most unskilled,—his beauties strike you upon the first hearing, and his triumph is secured. With audiences like our own, this is an immense advantage—they are changing constantly, and but a fraction of a tithe of them have any science, however great may be their susceptibility to the power of music,—when they hear a new opera, unless the solos are numerous and pretty, or some rich theme is produced and reproduced so constantly from act to act, as at last to fasten itself upon the mind, they pronounce it heavy and wearisome. Such has been, in some measure, the case with "La Gazza Ladra," at the Park. Had all who were present upon the first night of its production, attended upon the second and third, not one of them would voluntarily have stayed away any subsequent evening.

It is poor encouragement to a manager to have incurred expense thus fruitlessly, but at some future day, and in a more genial season, we yet hope to hear this music sung to an overflowing and fashionable house, and then if it fail to please, we advise him to engage Van Amburgh and his lions, without a moment's delay.

The following remarks, which we find in the "Express" of Wednesday last, strike us as so judicious and true, that we give them place, and ask for them the attention of our readers:—

Park Theatre.—It has become fashionable of late to speak in rather contemptuous terms of the present stock company at the Park. Some of our contemporaries first raised the cry, and persisted in it so sturdily, that people have began to receive as truth what has been continually dinned in their eyes, without weighing the actual merits of the case. Now it seems to us that there is more solid dramatic talent and cleverness in the Park Theatre than in any other establishment in the Union. In confirmation of the truth of our opinion we would point to RICHINGS, who, with an unbounded range of characters in comedy, tragedy, farce and opera, is generally respectable and often eminent in whatever he undertakes—to FISHER, the best of eccentric comedians—to CHIPPINDALE, whose personations of serious old men draws tears from eyes "unused to the melting mood," and who never makes a failure, whether he represents the imbecile dotard or the booby boy. What other Theatre in the country has a PLACIDE, or even a far off shadow of a Placide? Where can we find an artist possessing such a rich vein of irresistible humor, combined too with perfect correctness and nicety of conception and a pure and chaste style of acting, uncontaminated by the least coloring of buffoonery or unnatural grimace? And where shall we look for a stock vocalist possessing half the musical endowments and accomplishments of Mr. JONES? Mr. HIELD, too, the new comer, is an actor who would do credit to any Theatre. In low comedy, which he has not yet played here, he is as excellent as in tragedy. And then, too, what a brilliant galaxy of talent do the names of the female members of the company present. Miss CUSHMAN, who gives life and spirit and truth to whatever character she undertakes. Mrs. RICHARDSON, whose chaste, quiet, and tasteful performances please every spectator. Mrs. VERNON, the princess of chambermaids anc hoydens,—and last, not least, Mrs. WHEATLEY, who always seems to *be* the character she represents. Where shall we find, seek where will, so correct a personator of elderly ladies?

A company composed of artists like those above mentioned, supported by such performers as GANN, POVEY, WHEATLEY, MRS. DURIE, MRS. CONWAY, MRS. CHIPPINDALE, MRS. PRICHARD, and Miss and Master WELLS, &c. &c., all excellent in their way, cannot but be capable of great things. It is seldom, indeed, that the whole strength of the company is brought out to the best effect. A want of judgment and discrimination are often apparent in the distribution of the characters; but for actual capacity and power the Park stock company is unequalled.

At the request of the manager, Mrs. RICHARDSON'S benefit was postponed from Friday last, until Tuesday next, on which occasion Mr. J. R. DARROW, a pupil of VANDENHOFF'S, will make his debut as *Richard III.* We trust this estimable lady and fine actress will be greeted by a full house.

MORLEY'S benefit is announced for Wednesday, when Mrs. BAILEY will appear.

On Friday Mr. HUGHES, the musical director and leader of the Orchestra, takes his farewell benefit. The bill will be most attractive, as, in addition to a rich musical treat, Mr. WALLACK, the manager of the National, has volunteered to appear before his old friends at the Park, in his celebrated character of *Rolla*. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Hughes leaves us for a brief space only, being called abroad on business of a purely domestic nature, that will detain him but a short time.

The National.—CELESTE had an enormous house at her benefit on Monday, in spite of the unpropitious season;—standing up places in the lobby brought a premium. She made a brief address at the conclusion, which all readers have, ere this, seen in the daily prints.

We know nothing more of the subsequent proceedings of the week than what we have learned from the same source. The following line from the "Courier" of Thursday is significant, and will, we presume, apply to each night of Mr. HAMBLIN'S engagement:—

"Notwithstanding the extreme cold weather, the drama of "Pompeii" was very warmly received last evening by a select audience."

News by the England.

The English papers received by the England, Capt. WAITE, which left Liverpool the 20th ult., are full of details relating to the conclusion of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. MATHEWS. It is a little curious, and plainly indicative of their rank in their profession at home, to observe how generally their failure here is canvassed. There is as little consent among English Editors as among our own, as to the causes of it. A series of papers appeared many months since in the London "Sunday Times," purporting to be written by an Actress. They were extremely clever, and showed great intimacy with theatrical interests and characters. In one of the series, the success of the Mathews in America was predicted with great boldness, and it has since appeared, with great truth. That writer did not doubt a moment of the success of Charles Mathews, and plainly declared that he would make more money with us by his individual exertions, than in conjunction with Vestris. If we recollect aright, the failure of Vestris she anticipated from several causes, but the principal were these,—That she had been preceded in several favorite characters by Miss TREE and Mrs. KEELEY, especially the latter,—that the character of the widow of Wyche street could hardly satisfy the stricter notions of Jonathan,—and lastly, that her personal charms had fallen sadly away from what they had been fifteen years previously. How well founded were those speculations! They surely put the matter on the true ground, and were accompanied originally with a good deal of discussion upon American peculiarities, particularly in theatrical affairs, indicating great shrewdness. A few of the English editors credit entirely the explanation which Mathews himself gave upon his farewell night. The long speech which he delivered on that occasion had reached England, though Charles and the widow had not, by the last dates.

Since the departure of Mathews from the country, it has been stated, in a very respectable print, that his denial of the charge of sending his servants to the public table of a hotel, was a piece of arrant equivocation. We wish this was not so; it was and is of precious little consequence whether he did or did not act as it was alleged he did, at any hotel; but it is quite another thing to bamboozle people, by declarlng upon his honor that he never did this or that at Saratoga, when he had done the identical thing imputed to him at another place. We recollect well that he was very guarded in his speech, but did not surely suspect him of insincerity or equivocation. He will no doubt see the article in the "Star," in which this exposure is made, and we hope he will be able to deny it, though we fear for him, as the "Star" is the last print to do injustice to an actor.

Vestris will be cheered upon her arrival home, as would be no other individual upon the English stage. The fortunes of her house have been waning in her absence, and every play-goer sadly bewailing her loss. To allow her to leave us as she did was surely the veriest folly that we New Yorkers have ever been guilty of. Divide the blame amongst you, you gentlemen who now sigh for theatrical entertainment, and lament the dullness of the times! We wash our hands of the whole affair.

So great is the number of English theatrical people in America, that the London weekly papers eke out entertainment for their readers under the head of "the drama," by chronicling our carryings on at the Park and National. The great hit which Miss SHIRREFF, WILSON, and SEGUIN have made at the National, delights them. One paper says "They left England with an abundant supply of operas, but they might just as well have only taken the *one* ["Amilie"]. The music cannot be printed with sufficient rapidity to meet the demand." This we never heard of before, but are glad to learn it on any authority, for we like the opera so much that we wish its gems were found lying upon every music stand in the land.

We have before stated there was some betting on POWER'S arrival home. So confidently was he looked for to open on the 10th ult., that the papers of the day all formally announced his appearance. Had he returned by the *Great Western*, he would have just hit it; but as it was, he preferred (as who would not?) the *Roscius*, and was a week too late, flooring all the backers of steam power. The "Weekly Despatch," which of late is somewhat crusty in its theatricals, lathers it on to Power unmercifully, doing its best to get up a row. If the joyous "Rory" should get into difficulty on this account (almost impossible), we advise him to "turn about and wheel about," and visit the Yankees again. By steamer or liner, he will be ever welcome. Power actually arrived in England on the 15th, and was announced to appear certainly at the Haymarket on Monday the 17th ult., in the "Irish Ambassador," and "The White Horse of the Peppers."

HILL, our Yankee Hill, is so great a favorite as to have been selected to supply POWER'S place at this theatre, upon the failure of the latter to present himself on the 10th ult., he then being about one thousand miles this side Holyland.

Hill is clever enough to play something besides Yankee characters, if he chose to do so. It would be good policy, for the town is sure to tire of an endless succession of Yankeeisms, presented as they usually are, in plays beneath contempt, as literary performances.

The Despatch is out upon MACREADY for cutting them off the free list of Covent Garden, and raves "like mad." The article is entirely ludicrous. The cause of the trouble would appear to be an erroneous statement in the Despatch, of a difference between the great manager and Mr. James Haines, a new dramatist. A tragedy by the latter had been promised, but its appearance delayed,—the Despatch said, on account of the quarrel. A tremendous ground for controversy, truly, but the whole may teach those who like to see WILLIS'S new play before the author grows grey, to express themselves with caution on the subject.

The two great houses in London, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, are playing "William Tell" nightly. The latter, Rossini's opera of that name, the former, Knowles's play. With Macready to represent "the patriot Tell," and with all the chorusses introduced from the opera, Covent Garden would surely have carried the day, but for VAN AMBURGH and his lions. That these last named stars should be able to rival the legitimate drama is ludicrous, and reminds us of recent engagements nearer home.

The reception of our Jim Crow upon this, his second visit to England, has been cordial in the extreme. As he came upon the stage, the cheers which greeted him were prolonged for quite two minutes, and the number of encores he received for his great song, nay, for every song in his new piece, "A Flight to America," was prodigious. Like Grimaldi of old, he plays at two houses on the same night,—apologises at the Adelphi for not giving Jim Crow the seventh time, and then rushes to the Pavilion to receive similar honors there. The entire novelty of his style of entertainment would account for a large measure of early success,—they see little of the real "nigger" in England,—but that he should continue the rage through successive engagements, and after scores of imitators have dispelled the novelty of his fun, is remarkable. The man must be far more clever than he has been thought to be. It is some evidence of this that he is his own composer, readily hitting off, in his Ethiopian verse, current political events. Thus the return of Lord Durham, now the engrossing topic in London, Van Amburgh's lions, and the non-arrival of Power by the Western, each furnished him with matter, which he threw into song (!) with such felicity as to bring down the house at once.

A new petite comedy, by Haynes Bayly, has just been produced at the Haymarket. It is called "The Little Adopted," and meets with great success. The London papers give the plot, &c., which it will be time enough to quote, when the play is brought out.

TAGLIONI has been engaged by the Imperial Opera at Vienna, to perform there for six months, commencing the 15th inst., at about $2500 a month, in which is included, however, the price given her father for two new ballets of his composition. This price is not so large as the lady has been supposed to be earning. If there be perquisites to be had in Vienna, she could make as much money in this country.

CHARLES KEAN is playing at Edinburgh to good houses. He would be a great card here. He was just growing into favor as he left us.

Waterloo.—In a letter to Marshal Beresford, written soon after the event, the Duke of Wellington thus described the battle of Waterloo:—

"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match Both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

Colonel Gurwood's Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.

MAJOR GAHAGAN'S HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

Head Quarters, Morella, October 3, 1838.

It is a balmy night—I hear the merry jingle of the tambourine and the cheery voices of the girls and peasants, as they dance beneath my casement, under the shadow of the clustering vines—the laugh and song pass gaily round, and even at this distance I can distinguish the elegant form of Ramon Cabrera, as he whispers gay nothings in the ears of the Andalusian girls, or joins in the thrilling chorus of Riego's hymn, which is ever and anon vociferated by the enthusiastic soldiery of Carlos Quinto. I am alone, in the most inaccessible and most bomb-proof tower of our little fortalice; the large casements are open—the wind, as it enters, whispers in my ear its odorous recollections of the orange-grove and the myrtle bower. My torch (a branch of the fragrant cedar-tree) flares and flickers in the midnight breeze, and disperses its scent and burning splinters on my scroll, and the desk where I write—meet implements for a soldier's authorship!—it is *cartridge* paper over which my pen runs so glibly, and a yawning barrel of gunpowder forms my rough writing-table. Around me, below me, above me, all—all is peace! I think, as I sit here so lonely, on my country, England! and muse over the sweet and bitter recollections of my early days! Let me resume my narrative, at the point where (interrupted by the authoritative summons of war) I paused on the last occasion.

CHAPTER I.

THE SORTIE FROM THE FORT.

I left off I think (for I am a thousand miles away from proof-sheets as I write—and, were I not writing the simple *Truth*, must contradict myself a thousand times in the course of my tale)—I think, I say, that I left off at that period of my story, when, Holkar being before Futtyghur, and I in command of that fortress, I had just been compelled to make away with his messenger; and, dressed in the fallen Indian's accoutrements, went forth to reconnoitre the force, and, if possible, to learn the intentions of the enemy. However much my figure might have resembled that of the Pitan, and disguised in his armour, might have deceived the lynx-eyed Mahrattas, into whose camp I was about to plunge, it was evident that a single glance at my fair face and auburn beard would have undeceived the dullest blockhead in Holkar's army. Seizing then a bottle of Burges's walnut catsup, I dyed my face and my hands, and, with the simple aid of a flask of Warren's jet, I made my hair and beard as black as ebony. The Indian's helmet and chain-hood covered likewise a great part of my face, and I hoped thus, with luck, impudence, and a complete command of all the Eastern dialects and languages, from Burmah to Afghanistan, to pass scot-free through this somewhat dangerous ordeal.

I had not the word of the night it is true—but I trusted to good fortune for that, and passed boldly out of the fortress, bearing the flag of truce as before; I had scarcely passed on a couple of hundred yards, when lo! a party of Indian horsemen, armed like him I had just overcome, trotted towards me; one was leading a noble white charger, and no sooner did he see me than, dismounting from his own horse, and giving the rein to a companion, he advanced to meet me with the charger—a second fellow likewise dismounted and followed the first; one held the bridle of the horse, while the other (with a multitude of salams, aleikums, and other genuflexions) held the jewelled stirrup, and, kneeling, waited until I should mount.

I took the hint at once: the Indian who had come up to the fort was a great man—that was evident; I walked on with a majestic air, gathered up the velvet reins, and sprang into the magnificent, high-peaked saddle. "Buk, buk," said I, "it is good—in the name of the forty-nine Imaums, let us ride on;" and the whole party set off at a brisk trot, I keeping silence, and thinking with no little trepidation of what I was about to encounter.

As we rode along I heard two of the men commenting upon my unusual silence (for I suppose, I—that is, the Indian—was a talkative officer). "The lips of the Bahawder are closed," said one, "where are those birds of Paradise, his long-tailed words?—they are imprisoned between the golden bars of his teeth!"

"Kush," said his companion, "be quiet! Bobbachy Bahawder has seen the dreadful Feringhee, Gahagan Khan Gujputi, the elephant-lord, whose sword reaps the harvest of death: there is but one champion who can wear the papooshes of the elephant-slayer—it is Bobbachy Bahawder!"

"You speak truly, Puneeree Muckun—the Bahawder ruminates on the words of the unbeliever; he is an ostrich, and hatches the eggs of his thoughts."

"Bekhusm! on my nose be it! May the young birds, his actions, be strong, and swift in flight."

"May they *digest iron!*" said Peneeree Muckun, who was evidently a wag in his way.

O, ho! thought I—as suddenly the light flashed upon me. It was, then, the famous Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I overcame just now! and he is the man destined to stand in *my* slippers, is he! and I was at that very moment standing in his own! such are the chances and changes that fall to the lot of the soldier!

I suppose everybody—everybody who has been in India, at least—has heard the name of Bobbachy Bahawder; it is derived from the two Hindostanee words, bobbachy—general, bahawder—artilleryman; he had entered into Holkar's service in the latter capacity, and had, by his merit and undaunted bravery in action, attained the dignity of the pea-cock's feather, which is only granted to noblemen of the first class; he was married, moreover, to one of Holkar's innumerable daughters; a match, which according to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, brought more of honor than of pleasure to the poor Bobbachy. Gallant as he was in the field, it was said that in the harem he was the veriest craven alive—completely subjugated by his ugly and odious wife. In all matters of importance the late Bahawder had been consulted by his Prince, who had, as it appears (knowing my character, and not caring to do anything rash in his attack upon so formidable an enemy), sent forward the unfortunate Pitan to reconnoitre the fort; he was to have done yet more, as I learned from the attendant, Puncerce Muckun, who was, I soon found out, an old favorite with the Bobbachy—doubtless on account of his honesty and love of repartee.

"The Bahawder's lips are closed," said he, at last, trotting up to me; "has he not a word for old Puncerce Muckun?"

"Bismillah, mashallah, barikillah," said I; which means, "my good friend, what I have seen is not worth the trouble of relation, and fills my bosom with the darkest forebodings."

"You could not then see the Gujputi alone, and stab him with your dagger?"

[Here was a pretty conspiracy!]—"No, I saw him, but not alone; his people were always with him."

"Hurrumzadeh! it is a pity; we waited but the sound of your jogree (whistle), and straightway would have galloped up, and seized upon every man, woman, and child in the fort: however, there are not a dozen men in the garrison, and they have not provision for two days—they must yield—and then, hurrah for the moon-faces! Mashallah! I am told the soldiers who first get in are to have their pick. How my old woman, Roice Muckun, will be surprised, when I bring home a couple of Feringhee wives,—ha! ha!"

"Fool!" said I, "be still!—twelve men in the garrison! there are twelve hundred! Gahagan himself is as good as a thousand men; and as for food, I saw, with my own eyes, five hundred bullocks grazing in the court-yard, as I entered." This *was* a bouncer, I confess; but my object was to deceive Puncerce Muckun, and give him as high a notion as possible of the capabilities of defence which the besieged had.

"Pooch, pooch," murmured the men; "it is a wonder of a fortress, we shall never be able to take it until our guns come up."

There was hope then! they had no battering-train. Ere this arrived, I trusted that Lord Lake would hear of our plight, and march down to rescue us. Thus occupied in thought and conversation, we rode on until the advanced sentinel challenged us, when old Puncerce gave the word, and we passed on into the centre of Holkar's camp.

It was a strange—a stirring sight! The camp-fires were lighted; and round them—eating, reposing, talking, looking at the merry steps of the dancing girls, or listening to the stories of some Dhol Baut (or Indian improvisatore)—were thousands of dusky soldiery. The camels and horses were picketed under the banyan trees, on which the ripe mangoe-fruit was growing, and offered them an excellent food. Towards the spot which the golden fish and royal purdahs, floating in the wind, designated as the tent of Holkar, led an immense avenue—of elephants! the finest street, indeed, I ever saw. Each of the monstrous animals had castles on their backs, armed with Mauritanian archers and the celebrated Persian matchlock-men: it was the feeding-time of these royal brutes, and the grooms were observed bringing immense toffungs or baskets, filled with pine apples, plantains, bindannas, Indian corn, and cocoa-nuts, which grow luxuriantly at all seasons of the year. We passed down this extraordinary avenue (no less than three hundred and eighty-eight did I count on each side—each tail appertaining to an elephant twenty-five feet high—each elephant having a two-storied castle on its back—each castle containing sleeping and eating rooms for the twelve men that formed its garrison, and were keeping watch on the roof—each roof bearing a flag-staff twenty feet long on its top, the crescent glistening with a thousand gems, and round it the imperial standard—each standard, of silk velvet and cloth of gold, bearing the well-known device of Holkar, argent an or gules; between a sinople of the first, a chevron truncated wavy! I took nine of these myself in the course of a very short time after, and shall be happy, when I come to England, to show them to any gentleman who has a curiosity that way. Through this gorgeous scene our little cavalcade passed, and at last we arrived at the quarters occupied by Holkar.

CHAPTER II.

HOLKAR'S CAMP.

That celebrated chieftain's tents and followers were gathered round one of the British bungalows which had escaped the flames, and which he occupied during the siege. When I entered the large room where he sate, I found him in the midst of a council of war; his chief generals and viziers seated round him, each smoking his hookah, as is the common way with these black fellows, before, at, and after breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed-time. There was such a cloud raised by their smoke you could hardly see a yard beforeyou—another piece of good luck for me—as it diminished the chances of my detection. When, with the ordinary ceremonies, the kitmutgars and consomahs had explained to the Prince that Bobbachy Bahawder, the right eye of the Sun of the universe (as the ignorant heathens called me), had arrived from his mission, Holkar immediately summoned me to the maidaun, or elevated platform, on which he was seated in a luxurious easy chair, and I, instantly taking off my slippers, falling on my knees, and beating my head against the ground ninety-nine times, proceeded, still on my knees, a hundred and twenty feet through the room, and then up the twenty steps which led to his maidaun—a silly, painful, and disgusting ceremony, which can only be considered as a relic of barbarian darkness, which tears the knees and skins to pieces, let alone the pantaloons. I recommend anybody who goes to India, with the prospect of entering the service of the native rajahs, to recollect my advice, and have them *well wadded*.

Well, the right eye of the sun of the universe scrambled as well as he could up the steps of the maidaun (on which, in rows, smoking as I have said, the musnuds or general officers were seated), and I arrived within speaking distance of Holkar, who instantly asked me news of the success of my mission: the impetuous old man thereon poured out a multitude of questions: "how many men are there in the fort!" said he:—"how many women? is it victualled? have they ammunition? did you see Gahagan Sahib, the commander? did you kill him?"—All these questions Jeswunt Row Holkar puffed out with so many whiffs of tobacco.

Taking a chillum myself, and raising about me such a cloud, that, upon my honor as a gentleman, no man at three yards' distance could perceive anything of me except the pillar of smoke in which I was encompassed, I told Holkar, in Oriental language, of course, the best tale I could with regard to the fort.

"Sir," said I, "to answer your last question question first—that dreadful Gujputi I have seen—and he is alive; he is eight feet, nearly, in height; he can eat a bullock daily (of which he has seven hundred at present in the compound, and swears that during the siege he will content himself with only three a-week): he has lost, in battle, his left eye; and what is the consequence? O Ram Gunge, (O thou-with-the-eye-as-bright-as-morning-and-with-beard as-black-as-night), Gohah Gujputi—NEVER SLEEPS!"

"Ah, you Ghorumsang" (you thief of the world), said the Prince Vizier, Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee—"it's joking you are;"—and there was a universal buzz through the room at the announcement of this bouncer.

"By the hundred and eleven incarnations of Vishnou," said I, solemnly (an oath, which no Indian was ever known to break), "I swear that so it is; so at least he told me, and I have good cause to know his power. Gujputi is an enchanter, he is leagued with devils, he is invulnerable. Look," said I, unsheathing my dagger, and every one turned instantly towards me—"thrice did I stab him with this steel—in the back, once—twice right through the heart; but he only laughed me to scorn, and bade me tell Holkar that the steel was not yet forged which was to inflict an injury upon him."

I never saw a man in such a rage as Holkar was when I gave him this somewhat imprudent message.

"Ah, lily-livered rogue!" shouted he out to me, "mild-blooded unbeliever! pale-faced miscreant! lives he after insulting thy master in thy presence! In the name of the Prophet, I spit on thee, defy thee, abhor thee, degrade thee! Take that, thou lier of the universe! and that—and that—and that!"

Such are the frightful excesses of barbaric minds; every time this old man said "Take that," he flung some article near him at the head of the undaunted Gahagan—his dagger, his sword, his carbine, his richly-ornamented pistols, his turban, covered with jewels, worth a hundred thousand crores of rupees—finally, his hookah, snake, mouth-piece, silver-bell, chillum and all—which went hissing over my head, and flattening into a jelly the nose of the grand vizier.

"Yock muzzee!" "my nose is off," said the old man mildly; "will you have my life, O Holkar! it is thine likewise!" and no other word of complaint escaped his lips.

Of all these missiles, though a pistol and carbine had gone off as the ferocious Indian flung them at my head, and the naked scimitar, fiercely but unadroitly thrown, had lopped off the limbs of one or two of the musnuds as they sat trembling on their omrahs, yet, strange to say, not a single weapon had hurt me. When the hubbub ceased, and the unlucky wretches who had been the victims of this fit of rage had been removed, Holkar's good-humor somewhat returned and he allowed me to continue my account of the fort; which I did, not taking the slightest notice of his burst of impatience, as indeed would have been the height of impoliteness to have done, for such accidents happened many times in the day.

"It is well that the Bobbachy has returned," snuffled out the poor Grand Vizier, after I had explained to the council the extraordinary means of defence possessed by the garrison. "Your star is bright, O Bahawder! for this very night we had resolved upon an escalade of the fort, and we had sworn to put every one of the infidel garrison to the edge of the sword."

"But you have no battering-train," said I.

"Bah! we have a couple of ninety-six pounders, quite sufficient to blow the gates open; and then, hey for a charge!" said Loll Mahommed, a general of cavalry, who was a rival of Bobbachy's, and contradicted therefore every word I said. "In the name of Juggernaut, why wait for the heavy artillery? Have we not swords! have we not hearts! Mashallah! Let cravens stay with Bobbachy, all true men will follow Loll Mahommed! Allahhumdillah, Bismillah, Barikallah!"* and drawing his scimitar he waved it over his head, and shouted out his cry of battle. It was repeated by many of the other omrahs; the sound of their cheers was carried into the camp, and caught up by the men; the camels began to cry, the horses to prance and neigh, the eight hundred elephants set up a scream, the trumpeters and drummers clanged away at their instruments. I never heard such a din before or after. How I trembled for my little garrison when I heard the enthusiastic cries of this innumerable host!

There was but one way for it. "Sir," said I, addressing Holkar, "go out to-night, and you go to certain death. Loll Mahommed has not seen the fort as I have. Pass the gate if you please, and for what! to fall before the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery; to storm another gate, and then another, and then to be blown up with Gahagan's garrison in the citadel. Who talks of courage! Were I not in your august presence, O star of the faithful, I would crop Loll Mahommed's nose from his face, and wear his ears as an ornament in my own pugree! Who is there here that knows not the difference between yonder yellow-skinned coward and Gahagan Khan Guj—I mean Bobbachy Bahawder! I am ready to fight one, two, three, or twenty of them, at broad-sword, small-sword, single-stick, with fists, if you please; by the holy piper, fighting is like mate and dthrink to Ga—to Bobbachy, I mane—whoop, come on you divvle, and I'll bate the skin off your ugly bones."

This speech had very nearly proved fatal to me, for, when I am agitated, I involuntarily adopt some of the phraseology peculiar to my own country; which is so uneastern, that, had there been any suspicion as to my real character, detection must indubitably have ensued. As it was, Holkar perceived nothing, but instantaneously stopped the dispute. Loll Mahommed, however, evidently suspected something, for, as Holkar, with a voice of thunder, shouted out, "Tomasha," silence, Loll sprung forward and gasped out—

"My Lord! my Lord! this is not Bob——"

But he could say no more. "Gag the slave!" screamed out Holkar, stamping with fury; and a turban was instantly twisted round the poor devil's jaws. "Ho, Furoshes! carry out Loll Mahommed Khan, give him a hundred dozen on the soles of his feet, set him upon a white donkey, and carry him round the camp, with an inscription before him—'This is the way that Holkar rewards the talkative.'"

I breathed again; and ever as I heard each whack of the bamboo, falling on Loll Mahommed's feet, I felt peace returning to my mind, and thanked my stars that I was delivered of this danger.

"Vizier," said Holkar, who enjoyed Loll's roars amazingly, "I owe you a reparation for your nose: kiss the hand of your Prince, O Saadat Allee Beg Bimbukchee! be from this day forth Zobeir u Dowlut!"

The good old man's eyes filled with tears. "I can bear thy severity, O Prince," said he, "I cannot bear thy love. Was it not an honor that your highness did me just now, when you condescended to pass over the bridge of your slave's nose?"

The phrase was by all voices pronounced to be very poetical. The Vizier retired crowned with his new honors to bed. Holkar was in high good humor.

"Bobbachy," said he, "thou, too, must pardon me;—a-propos—I have news for thee. Your wife, the incomparable Puttee-Rooge, (white and red rose,) has arrived in camp."

"MY WIFE, my Lord!" said I, aghast.

"Our daughter, the light of thine eyes! Go, my son; I see thou art wild with joy. The Princess's tents are set up close by mine, and I know thou longest to join her."

My wife! here was a complication truly!

CHAPTER III.

THE ISSUE OF MY INTERVIEW WITH MY WIFE.

I found Puncerce Muckun, with the rest of my attendants, waiting at the gate, and they immediately conducted me to my own tents in the neighborhood. I have been in many dangerous predicaments before that time and since, but I don't care to deny that I felt in the present instance such a throbbing of the heart as I never have experienced when leading a forlorn hope, or marching up to a battery.

As soon as I entered the tents a host of menials sprung forward, some to ease me of my armour, some to offer me refreshments, some with hookahs, attar of roses (in great quart bottles), and the thousand delicacies of Eastern life. I motioned them away. "I will wear my armour," said I; "I shall go forth to-night: carry my duty to the Princess, and say I grieve that to-night I have not the time to see her. Spread me a couch here, and bring me supper here; a jar of Persian wine well cooled, a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, a pilaw of a couple of turkeys, a curried kid—anything. Begone! Give me a pipe; leave me alone, and tell me when the meal is ready."

I thought by these means to put off the fair Puttee Rooge, and hoped to be able to escape without subjecting myself to the examination of her curious eyes. After smoking for a while, an attendant came to tell me that my supper was prepared in the inner apartment of the tent (I suppose that the reader, if he be possessed of the commonest intelligence, knows that the tents of the Indian grandees are made of the finest Cashmere shawls, and contain a dozen rooms at least, with carpets, chimneys, and sash windows complete). I entered, I say, into an inner chamber, and there began with my fingers to devour my meal in oriental fashion, taking every now and then a pull from the wine-jar which was cooling deliciously in another jar of snow.

I was just in the act of despatching the last morsel of a most savoury stewed lamb and rice, which had formed my meal, when I heard a scuffle of feet, a shrill clatter of female voices, and, the curtain being flung open, in marched a lady accompanied by twelve slaves, with moon-faces and slim waists, lovely as the houris in Paradise.

The lady herself, to do her justice, was as great a contrast to her attendants as could possibly be; she was crooked, old, of the complexion of molasses, and rendered a thousand times more ugly by the tawdry dress and the blazing jewels with which she was covered. A line of yellow chalk drawn from her forehead to the tip of her nose (which was further ornamented by an immense glittering nose-ring), her eye-lids painted bright red, and a large dab of the same color on her chin, showed she was not of the Mussulman, but the Brahmin faith—and of a very high caste; you could see that by her eyes. My mind was instantaneously made up as to my line of action.

The male attendants had of course quitted the apartment, as they heard the well-known sound of her voice. It would have been death to them to have remained and looked in her face. The females ranged themselves round their mistress, as she squatted down opposite to me.

"And is this," said she, "a welcome, O Khan! after six months' absence, for the most unfortunate and loving wife in all the world—is this lamb, O glutton! half so tender as thy spouse? Is this wine, O sot! half so sweet as her looks!"

I saw the storm was brewing—her slaves, to whom she turned, kept up a kind of chorus:—

"O the faithless one!" cried they; "O the rascal, the false one, who has no eye for beauty, and no heart for love, like the Khanum's!"

"A lamb is not sweet as love," said I, gravely; "but a lamb has a good temper; a wine cup is not so intoxicating as a woman—but a wine-cup has no *tongue*, O Khanum Gee!" and again I dipped my nose in the soul-refreshing jar.

The sweet Puttee Rooge was not, however, to be put off by my repartees; she and her maidens recommenced their chorus, and chattered and stormed till I lost all patience.

"Retire, friends," said I, "and leave me in peace."

"Stir, on your peril!" cried the Khanum.

So, seeing there was no help for it but violence, I drew out my pistols, cocked them, and said:—O houris! these pistols contain each two balls; the daughter of Holkar bears a sacred life for me—but for you!—by all the saints of Hindoostan, four of ye shall die if you stay a moment longer in my presence!" This was enough—the ladies gave a shriek, and skurried out of the apartment like a covey of partridges on the wing.

Now then was the time for action—my wife, or rather Bobbachy's wife, eate still, a little flurried by the unusual ferocity which her lord had displayed in her presence. I seized her hand, and, gripping it close, whispered in her ear, to which I put the other pistol—"O Khanum, listen and scream not; the moment you scream, you die!" She was completely beaten: she turned as pale as a woman could in her situation, and said, "Speak, Bobbachy Bahawder, I am dumb."

"Woman," said I, taking off my helmet, and removing the chain cape which had covered almost the whole of my face—"*I am not thy husband*—I am the slayer of elephants—the world-renowned GAHAGAN!"

As I said this, and as the long ringlets of red hair fell over my shoulders (contrasting strangely with my dyed face and beard), I formed one of the finest pictures that can possibly be conceived, and I recommend it as a subject to Mr. Heath, for the next "Book of Beauty."

"Wretch!" said she, "what wouldst thou?"

"You black-faced fiend," said I, "raise but your voice, and you are dead!"

"And afterwards," said she, "do you suppose that *you* can escape?—the torments of hell are not so terrible as the tortures that Holkar will invent for thee."

"Tortures, Madam," answered I, coolly, "fiddlesticks! You will neither betray me, nor will I be put to the torture: on the contrary, you will give me your best jewels, and facilitate my escape to the fort. Don't grind your teeth and swear at me. Listen, Madam; you know this dress and these arms, they are the arms of your husband, Bobbachy Bahawder—*my prisoner:* he now lies in yonder fort, and, if I do not return before daylight, *at sunrise he dies;* and then, when they send his corpse back to Holkar, what will you, *his widow*, do?"

"O!" said she, shuddering, "spare me, spare me!"

"I'll tell you what you will do. You will have the pleasure of dying along with him—of *being roasted*, Madam—an agonising death, from which your father cannot save you, to which he will be the first man to condemn and conduct you. Ha! I see we understand each other, and you will give me over the cash-box and jewels." And so saying I threw myself back with the calmest air imaginable, flinging the pistols over to her. "Light me a pipe, my love," said I, "and then go and hand me over the dollars; do you hear?" You see I had her in my power—up a tree, as the Americans say—and she very humbly lighted my pipe for me, and then departed for the goods I spoke about.

What a thing is luck! if Loll Mahommed had not been made to take that ride round the camp, I should infallibly have been lost.

My supper, my quarrel with the Princess, and my pipe afterwards, had occupied a couple of hours of my time. The Princess returned from her quest, and brought with her the box, containing valuables to the amount of about three millions sterling (I was cheated of them afterwards, but have the box still, a plain deal one). I was just about to take my departure, when a tremendous knocking, shouting, and screaming was heard at the entrance of the tent. It was Holkar himself, accompanied by that cursed Loll Mahommed, who, after his punishment, found his master restored to good humor, and had communicated to him his firm conviction that I was an imposter.

"Ho, Begum!" shouted he, in the ante-room (for he and his people could not enter the women's apartments), "speak, O my daughter! is your husband returned?"

"Speak, Madam," said I, "or *remember the roasting*."

"He is, Papa," said the Begum.

"Are you sure?—ho! ho! ho! (the old ruffian was laughing outside)—are you sure it is—ha! ha! ha!—*he-e-e?*"

"Indeed it is he, and no other. I pray you, father, to go, and to pass no more such shameless jests on your daughter. Have I ever seen the face of any other man?" And hereat she began to weep as if her heart would break—the deceitful minx!

Holkar's laugh was instantly turned to fury. "O, you liar and eternal thief!" said he, turning round (as I presume, for I could only hear) to Loll Mahommed, "to make your Prince eat such monstrous dirt as this. Furoshes, seize this man. I dismiss him from my service, I degrade him from his rank, I appropriate to myself all his property; and, hark ye, Furoshes, GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOZEN MORE!"

Again I heard the whacks of the bamboos, and peace flowed into my soul.

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Just as morn began to break two figures were seen to approach the little fortress of Futtyghur; one was a woman wrapped closely in a veil, the other a warrior, remarkable for the size and manly beauty of his form, who carried in his hand a deal box of considerable size. The warrior at the gate gave the word and was admitted; the woman returned slowly to the Indian camp. Her name was Puttee Rooge; his was—

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S. C. I. H. A.

London New Monthly Magazine for Dec.

A Short Courtship, and its Results.—On Monday last a cotton weaver, residing in Little Park, aged thirt-nine years, a widower, got married to a silk weaver, a widow, aged forty-three ysars. Their courtship was only of three days' standing, but in less than three days after they separated, both sides declaring there was no love lost between them.

Profits of Popular Authors.—M. Victor Hugo, according to the *Presse*, has sold M. Delloye, the publisher, for 240 000f., the right of printing his works for ten years, and by the terms of the agreement, has received half of this money down. The *Moniteur Parisien* says that the price agreed on is 300 000f., and that M. Delloye intends to apply this plan which he had previously adopted in the case of M. de Chateaubriand, still more extensively. Good news for popular authors.

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* The Major has put the most approved language into the mouths of his Indian characters. Bismillah, Barikallah, and so on, according to the novelists, form the very essence of Eastern conversation.

INFAMOUS VILLANY AND TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

The annexed revolting and horrible story—"an over true tale"—comes to us from the "Upton (Eng.) Journal." So circumstantially is the whole account related, that we think there can be no doubt of its truth; yet it is terribly strange—"stranger than fiction." It is not often that we publish statements so full of harrowing interest; but the singularity of the events at their denouement, imparts to them a sacrificial solemnity, like that which hung about the corse of a Joan of Arc, or a Charlotte Corday. Whatever may be thought of the maddened heroism of the desperate wife and mother by whose dread hands the sanguinary catastrophe was consummated, language cannot sufficiently execrate the immeasurable wickedness by which it was excited.

In the Spring of 1833, two young ladies, sisters, named Louisa and Ellen Price, of Llangenoch Park, were placed by their widowed mother at the boarding-school of the celebrated Mrs. Sherwood, between Powick and Worcester, three miles from the latter place. Louisa was then about 16, and Ellen 14 years of age. It appears that Mrs. S. was in the habit of assembling her pupils and friends of both sexes every other week, for the purpose of performing concerts of sacred music. To these parties there came, among others, two young merchants from Worcester, named Harris and Benson

We pass over the occurrences of three years, during which time these two young creatures, naturally interesting, and gifted with superior abilities, were singled out by Harris and Benson for their marked and undivided attentions; these becoming obvious, were communicated by Mrs. S. to the mother, between whom and the young men an explanation took place, and they were ultimately received at her house as the future husbands of her daughters. A brother of Mrs. Price's dying in 1835, left them, it seems, a sum of money, on condition of their not marrying until they attained, respectively, the age of twenty-five; and as the mother refused her sanction to the marriage of her daughters until the arrival of that time, the circumstance was made a pretext by their professed lovers to induce them to consent to an elopement, and private marriage; and in an evil hour, these two innocent girls, with all the fond affection of young and confiding hearts, embarked their future worldly hopes and happiness in one frail bark—the honor of their admirers—and eloped with them before daybreak from Mrs. Sherwood's house. They proceeded to a neighboring church (Hallow), a few miles off, the keys of which they had obtained by bribing the sexton, who asserts that he was totally ignorant of their intentions Here a mock ceremony of marriage was performed by an accomplice, who was dressed in the habiliments of a clergyman. They resided for some months after this in a cottage *ornee* in the suburbs of Worcester; and here in April, 1837, Louisa, the eldest, gave birth to a daughter, the child of Mr. Benson, to whom she thought herself married. In June of the same year, Harris proceeded to Lisbon on business connected with the firm, where, as it subsequently turned out, he married a daughter of Mr. Kent, a wine merchant, of the firm of Kent and Brothers. He returned to England in February of this year, bringing his real wife with him, and purchased a house at Kempsey, on the banks of the Severn. Soon after Harris's return, Benson left Louisa, then the mother of two children, with whom and her sister he had been constantly living up to that time, and took up his residence in Harris's house, from whence he sent the unfortunate victims a letter, stating the facts in relation to the villany practised upon them, and offering in the name of himself and partner, to make a settlement upon them by way of reparation.

Words would fail describing the shock produced by the communication of this totally unexpected blow, which robbed them of all that rendered life, in their estimation, worth preserving.

Ellen died a fortnight after in the lunatic asylum, near Droitwich, in the arms of her sister, whose mind, it seems, was sustained by her determination to execute a fearful vengeance on the guilty causers of their bitter sufferings, which she too faithfully performed.

Learning that her pretended husband was to be married on the 19th of March, and that he was to return from Worcester to Kempsey on the preceding evening in a gig with Harris, to the latter, she planned and put in operation the following frightful mode of retribution.

After strangling her two infants, and leaving a letter oc the table, stating that she would not let them live to hear of their mother's disgrace, she, dressed in man's clothes, armed herself with a brace of pistols, and knowing the probable time of their approach, took her station in a small shrubbery midway up a steep ascent, where the road overhangs the river. On the approach of the gig, it appears that she discharged both the pistols, one of which took effect in the brain of Mr. Benson, who was driving, and who fell dead from his seat; the horse taking fright, started off, and before Mr. Harris could seize the reins to arrest him, plunged over the cliff into the river, where both horse and rider were drowned. The poor girl was found quite dead, weltering in her blood (having stabbed herself), across the lifeless body of Benson. The horse and gig floated on to Gloucester bridge, where they were taken out of the water. Harris's body was picked up near Tewksbury; his young widow, we regret to say, is likely soon to become a mother. Mrs. Price fortunately died within a month after the elopement. Thus have the earthly hopes of five families been blasted prematurely, and two innocent and lovely women, who, under bright auspices, might have been the ornament and delight of society, gone down to the grave in sorrow.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Few men have ever lived who have passed through greater vicissitudes than Louis Philippe, the present King of France. Born the heir to greater affluence than was possessed by any other individual in France, he had scarcely reached the years of manhood when the violence of the revolution of 1788 drove him an exile from his country, to which he was not permitted to return for more than twenty years. After his return to his native land, he lived fifteen years in as great retirement as possible for a man of elevated rank, nearness of relation to the reigning family, and the vast possessions he had recovered from long confiscations. Then called suddenly to take the throne of a great nation, he has displayed a capacity for government which probably not one in France supposed him to possess. Louis Philippe was born at Paris, October 6, 1773, he has consequently nearly completed his 65th year. He was the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, who espoused the revolution of 1789, threw away his title, took Egalite (equality), and lost his life by the guillotine. Perhaps few men more richly deserved it for his crimes. Louis Philippe at first bore the title of the Duke of Valois, and when his father became Duke of Orleans, he took that of Duke of Chartres. His infantile education was conducted by the celebrated Madame de Genlis.

His juvenile studies were pursued under very able masters, and few young men of his rank ever improved their time better. He early displayed talents of a high order. In 1791 he entered the army as a Colonel, and distinguished himself by two or three acts of humanity—such as saving a non-juring priest from the populace, and an engineer from drowning—at Vendome, where he was at first stationed. In 1792, he served in the French armies employed against Belgium, and distinguished himself in the battle of Valmy, fought by Kellerman, on the 20th of September, and in that of Jemappes, which was fought by Demourier, on the 5th of November. In 1793, horrified by the excesses of the revolution, and finding himself and all his family unacceptable to the existing government—an order, in fact, having been issued for his arrest—he left France, and retired into Switzerland with his sister.

For a while he staid at Bremgarten in the Grisons, then became a professor, under a feigned name, in the college of Richenau, where for eight months he taught geography, history, and the English and the French languages, and also mathematics. Afterwards he returned to Bremgarten, and resided a short time under the name of Corby. But finding safety no where in Switzerland, he went through Germany to Hamburg, whence he intended to embark for the United States. But he either found no vessel at Hamburg going to that country—or what was more likely, he had not the necessary funds—and after staying there a short time, in which he wrote an account of his wanderings from the time he left France, he left Hamburg for Copenhagen, and after wandering over Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and even visiting the North Cape of Europe, in lat. 72 deg., he returned to Hamburg and took ship for America, his bankers at Copenhagen having procured him some funds. He arrived at Philadelphia in October, 1796, and was joined by his two brothers in the February succeeding. Accompanied by one French servant, the three brothers set out on horseback, and visited first Baltimore, and afterwards Mount Vernon, whither General Washington had invited them. Afterwards they travelled in the Southern States, and returned to Philadelphia when the yellow fever was there. In the autumn of the same year (1799), they travelled in the New England States and New York. In the winter succeeding, they went out to Pittsburg, and descended the Ohio in a boat, and after traversing Kentucky and Tennessee, and visiting the Cherokees in the latter State, and the Choctaws in Mississippi, they reached New Orleans.

From that city they embarked in a ship for Havana, whence they expected to go to Spain to meet their mother, who had been banished from France. The ship (an American one) in which they sailed was taken by an English man-of-war, and they went to the Bahama Islands, and were kindly entertained by the Duke of Kent, who was then in those parts. But they were forced to go to New York, and thence they sailed in a British packet for England, where they arrived in 1800.

After a vain attempt to get from England to Minorca, the Duke was forced to return to England. At that time England was at war with Spain. After this the three brothers established themselves at Twickenham, where they resided, save during their many excursions throughout the United Kingdom, for some years. In 1807, his brother, the Duke of Montpencieur, died, and soon after the Duke of Orleans (as his title was after the death of his brother) sailed for Malta and Sicily for the health of his other brother, Count Beaujolas, who died, however, before they reached the latter Island. After many adventures he met his mother at Mahon, after a separation of sixteen years. After that event he resided in Sicily until 1814, when, upon the downfall of Napoleon, he returned to France, and lived a few months at Paris. During his residence in Sicily, he was of no inconsiderable aid to Lord Bentinck, who commanded the English forces maintained in that Island to defend it from the French; in fact he (the Duke of Orleans) had much influence with the Sicilian or Neapolitan Court, having married, in 1809, the Princess Amelia, the daughter of the King of the two Sicilies, who, having been driven by the French from Italy, made Palermo his capital. Upon the return of Bonaparte from Elba in 1815, the Duke of Orleans sent his family over to England, while he joined the army of Louis XVIII.

After the battle of Waterloo, and the consequent final overthrow of Napoleon, he joined his family in England, and for a while took up his residence again at Twickenham. He returned in the fall of that year (1815) to France, when he entered the Chamber of Peers. But it was not long before his liberal sentiments, expressed in debate, gave umbrage to the government, and he retired again with his family to England, where he remained until 1817. Upon his return to France, he was no more summoned to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. From that time until 1830, he lived as a private gentleman.

As he had recovered, from the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, the enormous estates of his father, which had long been confiscated, he lived in a very happy retirement, dividing his time between the Palais Royal, his residence in Paris, and his beautiful small palace at Neuilly, two miles out of Paris, where he lived most of his time. His time was occupied in looking after his great property, in superintending the education of his children, and in cultivating his own mind. His house was not frequented by a very large number of persons; on the contrary, his friends were select, and the circle limited. No man could more beautifully fulfil the duties of a father and a husband than did the future king of France, during that interval of twelve or thirteen years, probably the happiest of his life. He was a great patron of the fine arts during that period, as he has been ever since he ascended the throne.

THE LATE MRS. C. KEMBLE, A SPORTSWOMAN.

We of the olden school, Mr. Editor—at least I for one may take upon me to say so, seeing that I have been an occasional correspondent of the "Sporting Magazine" for upwards of thirty years—and I believe all editors wish to be considered *old*, something in the same way that the fairer part of the creation like to be thought *young*; indeed, I once knew an editor not turned of thirty, who, in speaking of some event that happened before he was born, would write, "we *remember* so and so," when, in fact, his chronological tables had befriended him in the matter—I repeat, then, *we of the Olden School* remember the subject of this paper, when, as Miss De Camp, the witchery and grace of her performance as an actress were only equalled by the great respectability of her character as a woman. We have seen her retire from the stage to be as much respected in private life, busying herself chiefly with the care and instruction of her children. We have seen one of them, Miss Fanny Kemble, shine for a short period as a meteor on the stage: and we are now led to expect that another daughter will shortly be before the public as a singer. May she succeed!

After the re-appearance of Mrs. Charles Kemble to introduce her daughter Fanny to the public, that public knew little of her "whereabout," till the news of her death broke upon us as suddenly as I believe it happened.

Of course, in this place, I am not going to enlarge upon her histrionic character and abilities; enough has been said on that score in the papers and periodicals; my business is to speak of her as a *Sportswoman*—not that I ever saw her at the covert side, or heard of her following the hounds; she may have prated of such matters on the stage, and would have done so most spiritedly: no, her sport was angling; she was a quiet follower of the gentle Izaak Walton, and a most persevering angler, even despite of bad weather and bad sport: this was her great relaxation from her family duties.

I first met her, rod in hand, by the side of the "Chalky Wey," some seventeen or eighteen years ago, when my family, like hers, was sojourning in the pleasant little town of Weybridge, and where, by continually meeting, a sort of sporting acquaintance commenced.—(Weybridge was then a delightfully quiet retreat for any one fond of fishing; but it is no longer so: first, it was desecrated by an irruption of barbarian laborers on the Southampton Railway; and throughout the last summer, the good angling and pleasant privacy have been destroyed by another irruption of a different sort of barbarism—the cockney anglers, who came down per railroad, and overran the whole neighborhood. This by the bye.)

Mrs. Kemble's favorite place for fishing was at a deep hole just over Weybridge-bridge, on the left hand side, where a fall of water comes in from the Canal, and where her sport consisted of roach, dace, bleak, "and such small deer." Her bait was invariably, I believe, *paste*; so that the humane (*par excellence*) canters against angling could not at all events charge her with cruelty to worms and magots—a doctrine, be it observed, which I do not admit. At this place I have often found her at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and there she had been from five or six most probably; and her great pleasure was to carry home her fish—some eight or ten, if in luck—and have them cooked for her breakfast; thus literally earning her meal, and enjoying it, to say nothing of the health-giving air of the morning.

She was not deeply versed in the science of angliug; but old Izaak himself could not have been more patient. I sometimes had the honor of giving her a little hint or two as to plumbing the depth, size of hook, fineness of tackle, &c., which were always kindly received.

I remember on one occasion travelling with her and Mr. Charles Kemble from London to Weybridge, when she was very merry with him on the subject of angling, saying, that whatever she might have inspired him with, she never could inspire him with a love for fishing. He passed the badinage off pleasantly, and I believe made some sort of reference to the Cynic's well-known remark as to an angler and his rod—"a fool at one end, and a worm at the other."

The last time I saw her was about eight or nine years back, when I was in Weybridge for a few hours, seeking a place for my family for the summer, but could not procure a fit one. It was about eleven in the morning, and as I passed the road leading to the bridge, I thought I would turn down and see if my old acquaintance was at her post; and there I found her, just as usual: but upon entering into conversation, inquiring *what sport*, and lamenting that I could get no situation that summer for my family at Weybridge, I saw that she was looking very thin and ill. I could not help noticing this change, and she told me that it had been caused by severe fretting on account of a dilemma her son had some time before got into in Spain, and which had cost her husband infinite trouble to get him safe out of; indeed, nothing but the interference of powerful friends could have accomplished it. She then assured me most emphatically, that, die when she might, that event would shorten her life ten years. The circumstance I allude to was spoken of in the papers at the time; and I believe that since then Mrs. Kemble gradually drooped, till at length her death happened when all her family, except her sister, Miss De Camp, who had lived with her for many years, were at the Milan Coronation. She died in the vicinity of Chertsey, only about two miles from Weybridge, in which place she had passed all her summers for many years. Gentle Angler! peace to thy memory!

J. M. Lacey.

P.S. Nearly forty years ago I met with another lady-angler, who was to a certain extent histrionic. I allude to Mrs. Astley, wife of the old soldier, and founder of the present style of theatrical horsemanship. At the time I speak of, Astley's troop were performing at the fair of Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk; and Mrs. A., who was an old woman, and very thin, was a constant visitor to the banks of the little river Lark, which rises close to that town, and becomes navigable about two miles beyond it. Here I used to meet with her, and I mean no pun when I say she seemed an *old* hand at the sport. Lady-anglers in general want a vast deal of attendance, persons to bait hooks, take fish off the hooks when caught, &c. &c.; but the two I have spoken of not only did all this themselves, but generally went out alone to seek their "contemplative recreation."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Dec.

Every body, that is every body who is any body, has heard of Tom Barr, who understands cooking and serving up fish, or foul, far better than any one else in Boston. He lately presented a tortoise shell snuff-box to one of his literary friends, accompanying an invitation to take pot luck with him. The following answer was returned:—

"Many thanks, honest Tom, for the box; a bijou—
Enhanced much in value by coming from you;
It is not to be *sneezed at*, it needs not a puff,
And proves at *a pinch*, sir, that you're *up to snuff*.
Enclosed you have proffer'd a *service of plate*,
Which is prized much the more for not coming "too late;"
Super-ior soup, which you *super*-intend,
Will *super*-induce your *super*-lative friend."

Premium for a Husband.—Among the rewards bestowed by the Agricultural Society of Todd county, in Kentucky, was the following, as appears by the official report:—

"To Mrs. Dr. Leavel, for her husband appearing at the Fair in the neatest and best full suite of home made jeans, a gold thimble worth five dollars. Several competitors for this premium."

Whether the competitors were for the husband, the jeans, or the thimble, is not shown.

A Father of a Family.—Sir George Tuthill relates a case of an Asiatic Russian who had, by his first wife, sixty-nine infants at twenty-seven births; and by his second, eighteen at eight births—eighty-seven children in all.

Franklin.—It is rather a curious incident that when the American Congress sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, as Minister to the United States. When Dr. Franklin was told of it, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll *print* the Independence of America, and M. Girard will *bind* it."

THE CONTINENTAL TURF.

The European correspondent of the N. Y. "American," in a letter dated Paris, Nov. 5th, furnishes some information in regard to the Continental Turf, generally with particular reference to that of France. The writer is not particularly *au fait* of transactions in the sporting world, but seems to be a shrewd and sensible observer:—

We had last month four days of this amusement—the regular Fall Races;—two of them consecutive Sundays. The first, the weather being fine, and the sport commencing at the time—between one and two o'clock, P. M.—when a large number of the shopkeepers shut up their merchandize for the rest of the day; the assemblage of spectators in the Champ de Mars, and the number of equipages, was very large. It is necessary to witness the spectacle to form an idea of the multitudes, dresses, vehicles, vivacity and bustle of the Parisians proceeding under a bright sun to the races in the Champ de Mars, or to the annual fairs at St. Cloud. They are far, however, from having a real relish for the business of the Turf. On the second day, when rain seemed likely to fall, the attendance was quite meagre, the tents were nearly empty, the special amateurs and professional betters formed the greater part of the company.

This year all the six great Royal prizes were won by horses of the national or government stud, for which not less than nineteen hundred thousand francs is allotted from the Treasury. The Duke of Orleans is a professed lover and patron of the Turf, and purchased the best and dearest horses to be procured. He was present last month, but brought none forward capable of contending with the winners. Lord Henry Seymour, an English nobleman, resident in France from his youth, possesses the largest and best private stud, and until this year, has carried off all the prizes. The reason of his failure was an epidemic in his stables, which affected fifty of the best among the one hundred and more tenants.

The rider of all the winning horses is an Englishman, Robinson—"the most celebrated jockey," says the official account, "that England has yet given to France." He achieved all the conquests for Lord Seymour, "to whom he was worth more than his weight in gold;" but from whom he was seduced by the managers of the Government Stud, *a prix d'or*, with the offer of wages too high to be resisted. Lord Seymour has taken in his stead a thorough-bred youth called Flatman, who, next year, is to shear the old Paris Purdy of all his honors. Nous verrons. All the riders, except one, were Englishmen, at the main trial. The last day's race was the finest ever known in the Champ de Mars. The course is about a mile and forty yards: *Ali-baba*, mounted by Robinson, performed two rounds in 3:46, beating *Anna Bolena* by four seconds only. As it was the general expectation that the mare would be distanced, the contest excited particular interest when she was seen, in the second heat, bounding so near to the powerful horse, and putting Robinson to the top of his skill and zeal to keep ahead.

But the French have not yet caught the spirit of the Race-course, such as burst forth on these occasions in the United States and England. The mass of spectators here are scarcely moved. The scene of the dispersion, viewed from the heights of Passy, immediately opposite to the magnificent field, equals anything of the kind in any country. The government gave a few months ago four thousand dollars for a celebrated horse in the possession of Lord Seymour. The price was emblazoned as high in the Paris journals. But more considerable sums are familiar elsewhere. I remarked in a late London paper, that the celebrated Irish horse Harkaway had been purchased by Lord George Bentinck for the sum of five thousand pounds sterling! The total of the six prizes was thirty-one thousand francs. The greatest speed was that of a filly of three years—Flétillon: she ran the course, "les 2,000 mètres de l'hippodrome," in two minutes 17 1-5, which the French proclaim to be unexampled swiftness—"c'est la plus grande vitesse connue."

It is stated that five or six years ago there were no races in Germany; but that they are now held every year in Prussia. Bavaria, Mecklenberg, Brunswick, and Hanover. I happened to be at Ghent last July, when the annual races took place within a few miles of that city. The day was the Sabbath, as usual. I never beheld in Paris more movement and animation on the occasion of any festival than among the worthy burghers of Ghent. By eight o'clock in the morning the streets were thronged; every machine susceptible of being made a conveyance to the race-ground was pre-engaged at enormous prices; the city was a desert at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. And the hosts that arrived from the other towns and the country by the railroad and canals proved that the Belgians have acquired, or are fast acquiring, the British taste for horse flesh. The carriage toll, for the best station, was twenty-four francs, nearly five dollars, and eight francs for entrance into the grand area.

Some weeks ago, two British professors of the Fancy gave a regular pugilistic exhibition at St. Maur, near Charenton. The common people were not attracted by it, but a certain number of the fashion of Paris repaired to the spot in their carriages. A report was made for the Parisian journals of the several rounds, in imitation or translation of the English slang, and the phraseology is, therefore, not a little curious.—"Bung his peepers"—Creve lui les quinquets, &c. The editors and their readers were immensely scandalized by the nature of the spectacle, and the presence of their countrymen of the higher classes, especially *les dames*. "How did it happen that the police tolerated so barbarous a novelty for France—so utterly repugnant to French civilization? Where were the gendarmes that they did not seize the combatants, and even the spectators?" A writer on the subject (Mr. Le Dru) exclaims, "Why should I not venture to relate that some gendarmes stood near, motionless spectators of this feast of blood! I cannot, however, blame them for being thus stupified by the hideous exhibition. There are things which fill you with amazement and horror in such manner that they paralyze the noblest instincts of the soul."

As instances of scientific displays of the kind, more than one "duel de boxeurs" have occurred at New York and Philadelphia, I have thought it well to acquaint you with the Paris impressions. A deliberate set-to, or a boxing match of any continuance, is extremely rare in Paris. I have not seen six in two years. The operatives scold and gesticulate at each other by the half or whole hour. If, for a wonder, they come to blows, their awkwardness is ludicrous, and the armed police speedily pounce upon the combatants to carry them to jail. Towards the end of August, as I stood in the Champs Elysees, my attention was drawn to a noisy strife of tongues, which was followed with unaccustomed promptitude by a brutal assault. The assailant was a stout ragged ruffian, of the middle age; the other elderly, comparatively feeble, and more decent in appearance. In a few minutes a file of soldiers arrived, but before they could break through the crowd, the chief culprit took to his heels, and got clear off, while the bystanders were all clamorously proving to the soldiers that he alone was in the wrong. They arrested the other, nevertheless, and marched him to prison at a considerable distance, to be duly confined and otherwise punished. I was struck with the hardship of the case, and on inquiry, learned that it was by no means unusual in the street disorders. A few days after, near the same place, an English gentleman was conversing with me indignantly about the ill-treatment which the English strangers almost universally experience from the Parisians. All at once he turned, and pointing to the next corner, with a countenance changed to glee, cried—"See, there's a fight,—there's a fight—rare affair here." But his delight was damped in a few minutes, by the advance of a piquet, who put an immediate end to the sport, and hurried away the actors.—"D——n the country," exclaimed my companion with keen disappointment. I should not, perhaps, say disappointment, for he had observed in an accent of distress—"now we shall have the cursed police." Such is the difference of national instincts and habits.

A Business Transaction.—Mr. James C. Jones, of Franklin, Tenn., states a case that must come home to the "business and bosom" of the community. He says he was lately married to "a lady in one of the first families in Tennessee," but soon found reason to believe that her affections had been transferred to one Richard Alexander. Whereupon he fled with his wife and child to a distant part of the State; but, said Alexander appears to be an enterprising sort of man, and he followed them, and had a personal interview, with husband, "wife, children and friends." The result of this audience is best told by Mr. Jones himself.

"On the present month, December, 1838, the said Alexander pursued us, upon which occasion my wife told me she had been corresponding with the said young man, and told me that she loved that young man more than me, but wished to live with us both. I then told her to go: and told the said Alexander that he had destroyed my peace with my wife, and that he must take her. He said he was willing. I found out that she had, previous to her telling me of the correspondence, handed him a few lines in my presence, informing him that she was ready to go with him if he was willing. But after it was known they were going off together, it was suggested by some person present, that a propable means of justification to live together, would be to purchase her of me; and as I had determined not to live with her, and having been a great loser by her in removing and board, it was proposed to give me eighty dollars. They having ruined my peace, and in debt for her board, I took, and I gave him a quit of her."

Other people can look at this matter as they please, but it strikes us Mr. Jones was reasonable enough in his terms. Eighty dollars was by no means an exorbitant charge under the circumstances, and we are glad not to see any intimation that Alexander tried to "beat him down." To be sure, the "quit claim" was not so strong a title as might have been given, but lawyers will recollect that there is no such thing as fee simple in personal property, though there is certainly such a thing as warranting and defending even a chattel interest. The money which the injured "party of the first part" consented to receive as an equivalent for the heartbreak as well as "the expense he had been at," certainly shows him at any rate, to have been in possession of a fee simple—very simple indeed—not probably contemplated in the statue *de donis conditionalibus*. Gazette.

Constitutional Periodicals.—A bookseller in Paris being asked for a copy of the "Constitution of 1814," replied, "Sir, I keep no periodicals."

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1839.

THE NEW YORK RACES.

In the absence of themes of more immediate interest, the prominent topic of discussion in our sporting circles for the last few weeks has been the proposed National Match between *John Bull* and *Brother Jonathan*; and this has eventually led to an enquiry into the causes of the apparent decline of Racing at the North, and to the proposition of various schemes, having for their object its establishment upon a better footing. The fact that three or four influential Northern turfmen have retired within the last year, has excited the fears of many of its staunchest supporters here and elsewhere, that either our races have been sadly mismanaged, or that they are about sinking into a galloping consumption. The circumstance of a string of twelve horses, including several tried good ones, having left Long Island within a few days, under charge of a popular trainer, to be run and sold at the South, has very naturally excited a considerable degree of feeling in the public mind. Several communications have been addressed to us on the subject, and as it is one of paramount importance, we have no hesitation in devoting to it all the space at our command. We are pleased to find that a very general and earnest sentiment pervades the community in favor of establishing the whole system of racing upon a firmer basis, and of extending to it a prompt and generous support. As an illustration of the feeling existing, the proprietors of one of our principal hotels express their readiness to give a Plate of the value of $500 for the encouragement of the Turf on Long Island, and we have no doubt, if the Union Course was properly fitted up for the convenience of the public, and a little more enterprise and spirit infused into the management, the racing season of 1839 would prove to the proprietors of the Course the most prosperous they have ever experienced.

To revive the Northern Turf generally, and especially that of Long Island, it is proposed to offer such inducements to our present breeders and turfmen as will not only tend to encourage them to persevere, but enlist an addition to the number;—to add to the attractiveness of the races by giving such brilliant purses as will command the attendance of distinguished horses from distant States, and thereby ensure sport of the highest order; and to make such perfect arrangements at the Course for the comfort and enjoyment of spectators, with particular reference to ladies, as will merit their approval, and induce their attendance.

Without reflecting upon the causes which have led to the gradual decline of the interest in regard to racing in this city, we directly proceed to introduce several communications on the subject of its revival. It must suffice to say, that our last few meetings were "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to all concerned, and without stopping to inquire into the cause, it becomes the imperious duty of all having the prosperity of the Turf at heart, to concert measures for giving increased popularity to this manly pastime—to afford additional encouragement to breeders and turfmen, and by remodelling our present system of racing, to make it more profitable to the proprietors of courses, and more worthy of the fostering patronage of an enlightened community.

The following Proposition has been handed to us by one of the most staunch and influential supporters of the Northern Turf as the *Basis of a Constitution* for a New Jockey Club. It is the fruit of many years' practical experience, and much calm reflection, and were we permitted to name the writer, no observations on our part could add to the weight of the expression of his sentiments on the subject.

It is proposed that the New York Jockey Club shall be composed of twenty-five members, who shall be associated for five years—the number not be increased—and in case of vacancy, such vacancy shall be filled by a majority of the whole members consenting, by ballot, to the admission of any person proposed by a member. Each member shall contribute the sum of $200 per annum for the whole term—to wit, $100 payable the first day of April, and $100 payable the first day of September of each year, for which they shall give their promissory notes.

The Club shall lease from the proprietors, the Union Course and its appendages, for the term of five years, the whole to be under the control of the Club. The gate money, stands, admission to the enclosure, etc., shall be paid to the proprietors of the Course, as compensation for such use; but the Club shall fix the rates of charges. From these receipts the proprietors shall furnish and pay all the civil officers, gate-keepers, and attendants necessary during the several meetings, and furnish the Club with dinners, or other refreshments, during the meeting, free of charge.

The meetings shall commence on the 2d Tuesday in May, and 1st Tuesday of October, of each year.

The amount of subscription shall be applied to the Jockey Club Purses and the salary of a Clerk.

For Four mile heats	$1000
Three " "	800
Two " "	500
Clerk	150
Making, each meeting	$2450

All Sweepstakes, or Matches, or any race whatever, run on the Course during the regular meetings, to be under the direction and cognizance of the Club.

All forfeits shall be paid into the hands of the Clerk of the Club on, or before, the day the race comes off, and any defaulter to be precluded from running a horse on the Course at a regular meeting.

No horse shall be entered for a purse but by a member of the Club, who shall be held responsible for the entry and management of the same.

The President shall be appointed from the number of 25 by a majority of the whole. He shall hold his office during the term of five years; and in case of death or resignation, his place shall be filled by another election, in like manner: but only for the residue of the term; and in case of his absence from a regular meeting, he shall give thirty days previous notice to the Executive Committee, who shall call a meeting of the Club ten days previous to that on which the races commence, at which meeting a President pro. tem. shall be appointed.

On the last day of the regular meeting in the Spring of each year, an Executive Committee of three members, elected by ballot, shall be appointed to manage the affairs of the Club for one year from that day.

Proceed we now to a second Proposition, of which we give the bare outline, not having room this week for details:—

Twenty gentlemen shall constitute the Club, subscribing $300 each per annum, for a term of 3 or 5 years. They shall lease and have entire control of the Course, appoint their own officers, and pay the purses.

They should admit Honorary Members of the Club on payment of $20 each per annum, which should entitle them only to the freedom of the Course.

Members of respectable Clubs in other States, distinguished strangers, and gentlemen accompanying Ladies, should be admitted *free*, by invitation of the President.

Strangers' tickets for each meeting should be $5, giving them all the privileges of Honorary Members of the Club.

The charge of admission to the Grand Stand should be 50 cents—to the Public Stand 25 cents, and to the Field Stand (placed opposite the Club, Ladies', and Grand Stands), 12½ cents.

The managers of the Course, under the Club direction, should provide a dinner for the Club, to which none should be admitted, except by invitation of the President.

The Club should have erected spacious and handsome Stands, fitted up with especial regard to the comfort and convenience of the visitors.

As inducements to Turfmen of sister States to bring their horses to Long Island, and for the encouragement of our own, they should offer, in Purses, $5000 at each meeting, in the following order: a purse of $2000 for 4 mile heats—$1000 for 3 mile heats—$700 for 2 mile heats, and $300 for Mile heats, and appropriate the remaining $800 in such contributions to Plates, Matches, or Stakes, as they may deem most likely to conduce to the increase of sport. From each Club purse the sum of 20 per cent. shall be deducted, and given to the 2d best horse.

After paying the purses, the balance of the receipts from the Stands, entrance money, gate fees, etc., should be paid over to the proprietors of the Course.

Here's a third Proposition, that we "cotton to amazingly," as its practicability has been tested for many years abroad with signal success, and as we happen to know that the requisite means could be readily obtained to carry out the plan to ts fullest extent "both here and elsewhere." It is, in brief, to the following effect:—

Let ten Gentlemen of spirit and wealth form an Association, or Joint Stock Company, contributing $5000 each, and more if required, for the purpose of either leasing and improving the Union Course, or establishing a new one in the immediate vicinity of the City of New York, on a scale of splendor, taste, and liberality unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

The Purses to amount to not less than $6000 each meeting, and the number of races to fall short of not less than three per day.

The price of admission to the common Stands to be less than half the customary rates, with free admission to the field and view of the course. The price of admission to the Grand Stand for Ladies and Gentlemen, $1 per day. Honorary members of the Club to pay $20 per annum—Strangers, with like privileges, $5 per meeting—Gentlemen accompanying Ladies, free.

The business of the Association to be conducted on the plan of the Doncaster, Epsom, and Newmarket Courses, in England,—the duties devolving upon three Stewards, who are responsible to the Association and the public for the faithful performance of their duties.

We have room for one more Proposition, and a very sensible and straightforward one it is, characterized by the writer's acknowledged good sense and business tact. If we only had him at the head of affairs, we might expect Lord Chesterfield here with *Don John*, Lord Bentinck with *Harkaway*, and Col. Peel with *Ion*, and other good men and true with their formidable strings, to meet Boston, Monarch, Maria Black, Wagner, Duane, Omega, Vashti, Balie Peyton, and enough more to make up "a nice party" for their reception. But to *his* Proposition—thus it is:—

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times: Dear Sir,—As racing in this section of the country appears to be on the decline, and our Long Island meetings to have lost their interest, in a great degree, it becomes the imperative duty of all supporters and friends of the Turf among us to concert measures for the revival of this national and truly manly pastime. I will not detain you with a detail of the *causes* which, in my opinion, have led to this sad falling off in the interest and excitement with which the public formerly regarded the races on the Union Course; but if you will afford me an opportunity of expressing my views, I think I can suggest a plan which would not only place the Northern Turf upon a firm basis, but render it more than ever popular with the community at large.

In the first place, Sir, inducements must be offered to people of all grades to attend the races. Build an addition to the Public Stand, and cover it; also build an addition to the Ladies' Stand, and under it have two or three parlors for their accommodation, and one for Ladies exclusively; to that apartment attach water closets, and every convenience found in a well ordered hotel; during the late Fall meetings these rooms should be warmed, and at all times particular attention paid by the proprietors to the comfort and enjoyment of the ladies who graced the course with their presence. On no other ground can ladies be induced to visit the course, and without their attendance, racing here cannot be made, to any considerable degree, either fashionable, popular, or profitable.

In the second place, open a Subscription List for a certain number of subscribers, and invite the patronage of our most influential, intelligent, and wealthy citizens for the encouragement of racing; let these subscribers constitute the Club, on paying $100 or $200 each, as may be deemed proper. I think from one hundred to two hundred gentlemen can readily be found in this community, who would do so with pleasure. Then open another Subscription List for citizens of New York, at $10 per annum, with the privilege of inviting one, two, or three of their friends within the enclosed space, and upon the Members' Stand, on payment of the price of a ticket to the Public Stand.

Put the price of the Public Stand at a low sum, say 50 cents, and build an Uncovered Stand in a suitable place, removed from the others, for a Field Stand, and make the price to it 25 cents. You may also build your public stand so strong, that you can admit an equal number upon the top of it, and if you please, make that the Field Stand at 25 cents. Make the price of admission to the Field at one shilling each person—25 cents for a waggon, with one or two persons—a sulky at 18 pence—saddle horse one shilling—waggon, with four persons, 50 cents—hack, with four persons, 50 cents, not including driver—an omnibus at one shilling each passenger. Let the drivers in all cases enter free, and every gentleman's servant enter free. Have a suitable number of Stewards appointed to receive gentlemen with their ladies, and let the price be fixed for the Ladies' Stand at 50 cents each; have one stand for the ladies of gentlemen belonging to the Club, and another for a public stand for ladies, and make the two Ladies' Stands exclusive for the ladies and the gentlemen accompanying them, and allow no gentleman to enter either, unless requested by the ladies, or the gentlemen so accompanying them. Have an apartment in each of those stands appropriated for a refreshment room, with suitable refreshments for the ladies, etc. There should also be a sufficient number of posts set out upon different parts of the Field, with a single chain to each, for the accommodation of gentlemen with horses, etc. Also have water closets attached to each stand upon the ground.

The reason of my fixing the prices so low is in order to induce people to go there, for it will make no difference to you in expense whether there are on the ground 1000 persons or 100,000, and you must be aware that nine-tenths of the people who attend races can ill afford to pay more money than the rate I have put down. It will be necessary, also, for you to make an arrangement with the Rail Road Company to run a train of cars to the course in time for the races, and one back after they are over, and have the price fixed at 25 cents each way, which they can afford to run for and make money.

And then you must offer such purses to be run for as will be sure to afford amusement and sport—such purses as will pay stables from all parts of the country to come expressly to Long Island. Give every man who has a stable free admission; if you lose money the first year, you can afford it; make it fashionable for people of all classes to attend the races, and you will be repaid ten fold. Appoint your meetings so that they will not interfere with other tracks, and be sure to have from two to three races each day. Not only make your purses large enough to induce stables from a distance to come here, but divide them so that the 2d and 3d horses may receive a proportion. You will find in such cases that you will have a greater number of entries, for many stables may have put their horses in training, and feeling confident that they stand no chance of winning the purse, they will not incur the expense of an entry, when, if they were to receive a proportion, they would be induced to enter, and thereby insure sport. A considerable number of purses may be made up aside from those given by the Club, or the Proprietors, and if there is sufficient inducement offered to distant stables to visit us, a variety of sweepstakes and matches might be got up to increase the attraction of the meetings.

You must be liberal, in order to make others liberal; and you will find, by giving $10 subscribers the privilege of introducing friends at something like 50 cents or a dollar, that there will be a great number of strangers from all sections of the Union, and you might have boxes in different parts of the course, where strangers may deposit such sums as they may feel disposed, and thereby create a "Strangers' Purse." Give a Proprietor's Purse of $2500, for four mile heats, and from that give the 2d horse $500, the 3d $200, the 4th $100, and the 5th his entrance back. You will in that case *insure* a field which must give sport, and repay many for training horses that, if not able to beat such cracks as *Boston*, their owners think "no small beer" of; you are well aware that all cannot own first rate nags, but many may own good 2ds, 3ds, and 4ths. Then give a Members' Purse of from $500 to $1000, which can be very readily made up, giving a proportion to 2d and 3d horses—then a Subscribers' Purse of 4 to 5 or $600, also proportions for 2d and 3ds—then a Merchants' Purse—then a Hotel Purse—a Rail Road Purse—a Ferry Boat Purse—Steamboat Purse, and a variety of other purses, that may be made up by a little exertion, for every person a resident of the city knows that any excitement or amusement that may be got up to induce strangers to visit us must be an advantage to all, for every extra dollar expended by a stranger is a benefit to all.

But the most important part of all, after furnishing accommodations at the Course, is, to make your prices for admission, and the means of getting to the Course, such that every person can attend the races without feeling the expense, and you will find they will all go, men, women, and children. *But remember, you must make them comfortable when there.* Place an amusement so popular as racing within the reach of the community, and you will find thousands to patronise it; but you must afford them *amusement* when they visit the arena of your sports, or they will not attend a second time.

"Common sense and a little cyphering," as Sam Slick would say, must convince you that the above suggestions will bring profitable results, for we are emphatically a sight-seeing people, and are willing to pay to see sights; but we are not willing to pay so exorbitantly as to take our last dollar, nor will we pay even a small price, unless you let us see *something* for it.

A Member of the N. Y. Jockey Club.

Readers at a distance must not suppose from the tenor of the above communications that Racing is going down with us. Far from it; there is no lack of good will towards our only nationnl sport, nor is there wanting the spirit and determination to support it. The large purses given by Clubs in other cities of less pretensions, and the eclat with which their meetings go off, has excited a commendable feeling of emulation among our citizens. Possessing, as they do, all the elements which contribute to the successful prosecution of the sport—the finest course in the Union, crack horses, spirited turfmen, experienced breeders, and an immense population, notoriously fond of the sports of the turf, they are determined the Metropolis of America shall not be outdone in a matter in which they take a very correct and natural pride. From the days of old Eclipse, she has occupied in racing annals a proud pre-eminence, and her Road horses, like her "high mettled coursers," have acquired a reputation for high breeding, speed, and stamina, of which she is proud to boast, and equally determined to maintain She only desires that those immediately interested should commence the ensuing campaign with increased spirit, and stands ready to co-operate with them in their exertions, by a prompt, a steady, and a generous patronage.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Isaac M. Dawson, Esq., of Vigo County, Ind., has purchased of James K. Duke, Esq., of Scott County, Ky., the following stock:—Bay mare by Doublehead, dam by imported Buzzard, grand dam by Dandridge's Fearnought, g. g. dam by imported Janus; and the following fillies out of said mare: A two year old last Spring, by Richard Singleton; a yearling last Spring, by imp. Sarpedon; and a sucking filly by John Richards. Thos. Dowling, Esq., of Vigo County, has purchased a half interest in the above stock.

New Jockey Club at Bardstown, Ky.—Messrs. Dorsey & Boyle, of La., and A. G. Watts, of Ky., have taken the race course at Bardstown, and promise to make it second to none in the State; the soil is admirably adapted for quick time, and a large sum will be laid out on the stands and other public conveniences. The gentlemen in the vicinity have taken up the matter with spirit, and there is every prospect of a numerous and respectable Club. Eighty-seven subscribers were obtained in three days after the book was opened.

Woodpecker.—A correspondent has written us the following letter, which is too good to be lost:—

"Mr. Editor you advertised woodpeckes dam Eliza by Bedford which was an error permit me to correct you and would say prehaps I have done rong not to have informed you sooner as I blieve all errors in your Paper is with Cheerfullness set wright."

Half a dozen times have we given Woodpecker's pedigree within three years, as we "blieve," but we cannot find the error alluded to. If our correspondent will point out the page in which it occurs, we shall "with *Cheerfullness* set it *wright!*" It was clearly "rong" in our Mentor not to have informed us sooner of the error; "prehaps" he cannot find it himself.

Mr. Simpson, of Gallatin, Tenn., has bought of Col. George Elliott the second half of a b. c. by Birmingham, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 2 years old, for $900.

Violation of the Game Laws.—A subscriber has called our attention to the repeated infractions of the Laws respecting Game, by persons shooting for the market and several hotels in town—"a practice very prevalent of late in this community." He suggests that a meeting be called, and a general committee appointed, for the purpose of bringing the offenders to justice, as well as those persons guilty of selling game out of season.

James Simpson, the public trainer, has recently opened a training stable near the "Beechland Course," at Maysville, Ky., and is likely to be well encouraged by breeders in that quarter.

Any information required relative to the pending slashing mill between *Deaf Burke* and *Bendigo*, can be obtained by applying at Mr. George Ward's Mechanic's Hotel, Catherine st., who is in possession of the full particulars.—[Communicated.]

PROPOSITION FOR A "CRACK" SWEEPSTAKES.

Cincinnati, 15th January, 1839.

Dear Sir,—We Buckeyes would like to get up a sweepstake for all ages, to be run here next Fall, with a subscription of Three Thousand Dollars each, one thousand forfeit—the Proprietor of the Cincinnati Race Course to give a Gold Cup of the value of a thousand dollars—to name on the 10th of May next, with the privilege of changing the nomination up to 4 o'clock the evening previous to the race, by paying double entrance, six thousand dollars.

If this proposition shall meet the views of the Proprietors of our Race Course, and the racing folks generally, we will nominate an Ohio nag that we will stake more *hogs heads* on, than will load the "*Great Western.*"

I would suggest that this race shall come off two weeks previous to the Louisville great sweepstake, to give the nominations for that an opportunity to run for this.

If five or six gentlemen that would like to make an entry in a stake like the foregoing, and will express their wishes by letter to Jas. F. Conover, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the Club, I guess the thing will be made up, for I know of three that have agreed to make a nomination. A Buckeye.

THE ENGLISH TURF FOR 1838-39.

"Φύαις κερατα ταυροις,
Οπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις."—Anac. Od. β.

Sir—The Turf for this year having now done its best, or its worst, as the balance of Pluto may have inclined; the 'green' ones having been done 'brown,' as customary; the knowing ones, by way of a sop in the pan to them, occasionally hard hit; and the hopes and fears of book-makers extinct; it may prove amusing, if not instructive, to revert to some of the leading incidents which marked its career.

Although the betting was not in those enormous sums which made the great "settling days" of yore certain death and destruction to numbers, yet in the grand event, the Derby, speculation was played to a larger tune than for years past. The Downs at Newmarket attested there was no decrease of the "terribly terrible high bred cattle;" and its lists, as well as the returns from the provincial meetings, avouched that our Ancient British Sport is assuredly not on the wane, touching either the number of our horses in training, or the magnitude and quantity of our stakes. Brother Jonathan comes "trotting," if not galloping, after us; and on the Continent the taste for racing is rapidly spreading. We heartily wish the Parisians may adopt a "better course," for it sets one's teeth on edge to fancy our old friend Scroggins rushing like mad over ground to which Rotten Row would be Elysium, though, classically realizing,

"*Quadrupetante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*"

After a long, but not inoperative recess as regards the science of book-making, the trumpet first called us to the field in the Craven Meeting.

The Riddlesworth formed no exception to so many of its predecessors, depositing the quiet little toll of some £2,000 in Lord Jersey's pocket. This feat confirmed his horse *Phœnix* in the Derby Premiership for the time, although admitted by all he had beaten nothing, and judged by many that he had done so but in lumbering, awkward style: *Surprise* he conquered—but where was the surprise?

Perhaps no event more illustrated a "glorious uncertainty" than the Port Stakes. To the infinite admiration of all—and to none, we guess, more than the noble owner, the stable, and his Palinurus, Robinson—the *ci-devant* pet of 1837, the despised and neglected outsider of 1838, first cut down in a canter the crack, *Caravan*, and, *longo intervallo*, sailed away from the tumbler, *Epirus*, who was to have played such "strange fantastic tricks before high Heaven" on the day of the Leger. In fact, we all read him like a Hebrew book, at the wrong end. Coupling this with subsequent performances, I should deem *Rat-trap* the best horse of his year; and, assuming the Epsom ground to account for his disgraceful cutting up, there can be but little doubt he would have put *Mango* in a pickle, and swept away the Leger. However—*a la* Ferguson—he had no nomination!

The race on the same day made awful changes in the Oaks, displacing *Unique* and *Barcarole*, and installing Mr. Batson's *Vespertilio* as first Lady in Waiting on Dame Fortune for her Epsom donation.

A most important and interesting conflict was ushered in by the First Spring Meeting, between the gallant *Grey* and *Bamboo* in the 2,000 Gs. Stakes: irrespective of testing their relative merits for the Derby, and deciding the fate of thousands in "the Book." The betting for the event now pending had been tremendously heavy. The Bambooites, getting as sweet as "sugar canes," did not "stick" at price, and seemed resolute on giving the Grey a "caning," whilst the votaries of *Momus*, by the inapposite length of their faces, evidently viewed it as no laughing matter. However, the fiat of the Judge turned the tables; the Grey, making all the running, was never headed, landing first by a full length, which he could have evidently increased, had necessity existed.

To the surprise of the sporting fraternity, it transpired the following morning that Lord Suffield was not satisfied—"*ingeminens iterumque iterumque vocavit*"—Bamboo it could not be who had so ignominiously cut his "stick" to the "Grey Pig!" Another match for Friday was the consequence, when, after going his Eclipse pace to the Bushes, the "Reed" broke again, and honest John, shooting by him in a twinkling, passed the post first by two lengths instead of one. The 1000 Gs. fell to *Barcarole*—a fine slapping mare, who, as they said, ought to have beaten Vespertilio: at any rate, it brought them to even betting for the Oaks.

Grey Momus settled down as first favorite for the Derby; and unless they had a better in tho stable, should he keep well, there seemed no prospect of dislodging him from his enviable position.

One comment may perhaps be useful, ere the cursory remarks, which it is my object alone to make, be concluded; namely—in the match between Rat-trap and Caravan, for the D.M., where the latter—giving 7lb., and having received an

honest 10lb. beating in the 2 M. M. at even weights—ran his previous victor to a neck. To the uninitiated it is all the Nebuchadnezzar, which the old village dame said was "Nazareth, and let it pass;" but to the amateur of racing it demonstrated a horse's length, and that Caravan was a "Ripper" at his distance.

For one, I sadly missed the Portland Handicap; and devoutly is it to be wished that the taste and liberality which launched it twice on the stream of time had led to its perpetuation. Surely, the winners of the Derby, Oaks, and Leger, as before suggested, might be mulcted in the agreeable prospective penalty of £100 each, to form the basis of, as it may be fairly averred, the most sporting race at Newmarket—for that such it has been, the two specimens we have had, amply attest.

Between the Newmarket Meetings, at the ancient City of Chester, the Cup which had been to the provincials a prominent topic for many previous weeks, was whisked off by "Old *King Cole*, the merry old soul;" yet 5 yr. old, 7st. 8lb. though it made a capital race, did not evince a capital nag.

The Second Spring Meeting was devoid of all interest. At Chester and at Liverpool the *Apothecary* administered physic to his opponents, which "fully accounts" for his not being a drug in the market for the coming St. Leger.

Epsom—the Derby!—is our next point. Curiously enough, *Momus* and *D'Egville* cut a most imposing appearance just prior to the race, and on the fatal morning itself especially, recalling to my mind its impression in the November preceding, and recorded against me in "black and white," that, "were the Derby to be run to-morrow, I, for one, should stand on Momus and D'Egville." It was honestly won by *Amato*, who, without fear or favor, went to the van at once, kept there, cut down the *Grey* at Tattenham Corner, and, in my opinion, has but one master, the magnificent *Don!*

By the way, the vision of *Don John* must disturb the reveries of the Epsom Baronet, when he looks at his nag this winter, and "wills the fancy" he has the best 3 yr. old in the kingdom: at any rate, prior to the Leger he did so conjecture, and fully purposed his Alraschar dream, till the Ascot Cup should haply upset the basket and crush the eggs.

The Oaks was but a free translation of "the Busy Bee;" *Industry* got to the Chair first, though King Arthur, highly incensed, exclaimed—

"Earth, Heaven, and brown *Calisto*, judge the combat!"

In other words, there was a show of hostility between the riders of the first and second in the race; lucky was it for them that the influenza placed them in the front rank, where, probably, they had never been had the prima donnas felt themselves at concert pitch, and well enough to appear in public on the morning.

Neither of these large stakes could have got into better hands; the Derby falling into the hands of as fine a specimen of an "Old English Gentleman" as the country can exhibit, and the Filly Stakes slipping into the pocket of a most spirited supporter of the Turf.

Oh, had a "real Prophet" been at the elbow of the Noble Lord, and pointed to Doncaster, then had

"Hope withering fled—the Legs had sighed farewell!"

but luckily, he had studied the "family politeness," and did not like to commit the rudeness of clearing out the Ring in one year.

We pass from Epsom to Ascot like the "heigh presto" of the conjurer!—save and except the "wee" intermediate trouble of the "Tattersall's Tuesday;" however, the toil was a pleasure to the partizans of Amato, who swallowed the "Tomato" sauce, looked unutterable things, condoled with the losers, and told them the meaning of the word *Amato* was—but beloved!

Right merry were the clique at Sutton,
When boiled the pot that they had put on!

With all the accessories enjoyed by Ascot—the park adjacent, the presence of royalty, and fashion impressing her seal (not merely on this account, but because it is rather a kill-cockney distance)—never were there resources so undeveloped as at this meeting. But as they are coming into play, "*nous verrons*:" it ought to rival Goodwood; hitherto there has been the "*hiato, valde deflendus!*"

Irrespective of the two Derby favorites, at present, *Westonian* and *Ilderim*—*Camelino*, winner of the Prendergast, running second to each—there was no peculiar interest attaching to aught except the Cup. This struggle was reduced to three; Momus, Epirus, and Caravan; in which the Grey, backed at odds, was successful, receiving 23lb.; more than the usual allowance of weight by from 3lb. to 5lb.

By the way, in the "Old Mile," *Bœotian* bowling down *Phœnix*, after a splendid contest, with 3 to 1 against him, must have satisfied the latter's adversarys he was not so much better than *Bay Middleton* as was studiously propagated by them prior to Epsom.

The July Stakes went into the Stockbridge Division, as Lord Exeter, though he made an "Advance," could not overthrow the "Bulwark."

Minima won the Chesterfield Stakes with tolerable ease, *Estelle* beaten away about half a length; though many conceived that had the Fanchon filly kept straight, the result would have been different.

Bulwark, with his 9lb. penal weight, though the favorite, cut but a sorry figure; indeed, none but an out-and-outer, with anything like opponents, can come through, facing a hill, too, into the bargain.

The Liverpool Meeting, in the same month, had the honor of introducing to the British Turf the redoubtable *Harkaway*, pride of the Emerald Isle. In the Tradesmen's Cup, giving *St. Bennett* of his own year 15lb., he was compelled to cry "*peccavi.*" Catholic as he doubtless is, he seemed to dread the "interposition of saints," yielding again the next day to St. Martin in the Queen's Plate—a 3 yr. old, weight for age—having, however, won the first heat in a trot. As he had not his "pumps" on—*videlicit*, his "plates"—and they laid 10 to 1 on him, somehow or other he lost! *Appleton Lad*, by his success for the St. Leger there, came strong into the market for its Doncaster namesake.

To Goodwood, charming, resuscitating Goodwood, let us now turn our eyes, though they had been turned thitherward by the speculators for weeks antecedent. Each man has his hobby—mine, I confess, is this attractive spot: every adjunct to this meeting—the coast, the drive, the park, the course, the stand, with its galaxy of beauty, the commodious enclosure, and last, not least, the tip-top sport it yields—surely justify us in averring its week to be red-lettered in the sporting calender.

The Lavant Stakes on the Tuesday, carrying 2lb. extra, and a Sweepstakes on the following day, were won in good style by *Wapati*, who, with her penal weight of 7lb., was equally successful for the Molecomb on Thursday, Deception, Reel, the Vale of Belvoir, and All-Fours, having, each and all, cried enough. Three nights on the muzzle is no joke for a Christian, whatever it may be in the zoological world.

Both the Drawing Room and Racing Stakes were *enleve* by the gallant Grey, with "tarnation pretty considerable ease;" and *Chapeau d'Espagne*, "bonnetting" *Adrian* and *Micmac*, convinced them it was "all round her hat" for the great 300 Sov. Stake. The result was as little anticipated as *Drummer's* victory for the same stake, in the same stable, the year preceding.

Immense interest was excited by the Goodwood Stakes, and I much doubt if the sums at issue were not equal to those on the St. Leger. Here the blighting influence of the Irish Phenomenon was again felt, all being uncertainty as to Harkaway's starting till the last hour. This doubt solved by the most tardy of declarations, up sprung another—the Chapeau *had* started, the unruly son of Bedlamite, *St. Luke*, launching out at her, and *stifling* her chance, when the jock was up, and colors hoisted for sailing: it was afterwards given "no start," to the delight of those who backed her not p.p.; and, to crown the "Eldon" chapter of dubitations, after *Loutherbourg* had landed a clear length first, it was a doubt if he had won. A four year old, with 7st. 1 lb. on his back, and receiving 20lb. for the year from St. Luke, who, they say, must have won had he waited, was no extraordinary feat; however, the "judges" decided him to be as fat as a bullock, and as it was not a Smithfield Show, he was deemed *hors de combat*. Unless I mistake, his country trainer has won some thirty races this year out of thirty-five, or in that proportion; and it is well known that he deemed him fit to run: the result justified him, and one ought to say, "*palmam qui meruit ferat.*"

The decision of the Jockey Club, that, barring pedigree, *Loutherbourg* was qualified, is too recent to need comment; it is unnecessary to stir up again that ill blood which the discussion engendered. For mine own part, the nag reminds me of "Japhet in Search of a Father:" first he was not a *Camel*, then he was not a *Mameluke*, and then he is a Camel ("now I look again, it is very like a whale"); and, though he claims to be one of "the Fancy," he is d——d (or undammed more properly), and expelled "the Ring." Doubtless, he is one of the "waifs and strays" of Nature—an orphan, or a foundling—or own brother to Sam Swipes, who, the immortal Liston told us, never had father nor mother! After more humbug about starting, Harkaway did come to the post for the Cup, which, with a wretched field—Adrian second at 7lb. less—he won easily.

Heaven shield us from cavillers; but if we were to have no "Shield," we might have had a handicap on its principle. Of course, no animal, like *Slane*, the winner, *Chapeau*, &c. &c., would henceforth be allowed to start for a Cup without any intention of winning, though backed p.p., but simply for the purpose of claiming an allowance of weight for a subsequent race. Under the recent rule of the Jockey Club such expedients are inadmissible.

With the exception of *Virginia* carrying off the Filly Stakes at the York August, beating *Creeping Molly* easily, and *Lanercost's* previous triumph over St. Martin for the Newcastle St. Leger, there was nothing of recent interest to the speculators on the Great St. Leger.

The event now stares us in the face; with sixty-six subscribers bringing the enormous number of seven horses to the post! Yet was it a contest of considerable interest, although the money invested in it was, like the field, relatively trivial. It became a fair touchstone of opinion between North and South, the champions of each treading the arena in the persons of *Don John* and *Ion*; or pitted, as it were, to run a modern "*Filho* and *Sir Joshua* match."

Until the success of ord Chesterfield with his half-bred one in the Cleveland Stakes, apparently typical of the result of the next tolling of the awful bell, there was barely a shade of odds between the two cracks. However, the waving of the "red and purple flag" put York upon his mettle, and, making him fresh as a "May flower," the Don was backed at anything over 6 to 4, whilst Ion receded to nearly 5 to 2. *Lanercost* alone kept his party together to the last—5 to 1 takers—bearing in mind his Newcastle triumph, and the weight of money producing an optical delusion, they clung to him till the bubble burst. Loud and deep were the lamentations that *Grey Momus* had not shown on the occasion; had he presented himself he must have been a rattling favorite, and very probably arrived second in the list of Mr. Lockwood's visiters! *Don John* made all the running, and fairly shamed the vaunts and calculations of the Southerns; I verily believe he could have walked in!

The Life and Adventures of *Cobham* were here brought to an untimely termination as a racer: how to account for his Derby running is as profound a mystery as ever, where he could not live a quarter of a mile, after being backed as if it were "all over but shouting." At the distance he broke down; and it is asserted he would have beaten Lanercost, thus gaining the barren honor of being third.

Could *Plenipo*, *Bay Middleton*, or the *Queen of Trumps*, in their best form, have been pitted against the winner, I doubt if he would not have wrested their laurels from them! Awful mistake! I fancied with many others, that a mile was his *forte;* whereas he appears to have as fine an idea of "perpetual motion" as ever fell to the lot of quadruped. Had he been turned up by the "Blind Goddess" about the same time with *St. Giles*, or when the confederacy then existing was intact, such a "settling" wsuld have ensued as makes one chill to think about. Fire escapes and cork jackets are to be bought, and may preserve us against the perils of fire and water; but one could not have paid with them the Leger differences.

The Champagne and Two Year-old Stakes did not indicate anything wonderful in the winners—*Eliza* beating *Zoroaster* with difficulty for the first (to whom she had previously succumbed), and, in the second, yielding to *Bolus* after a dead heat.

The Cup, in turn, became the absorbing point of interest; *Don John*, the evening prior to the race, was declared to go; and the facetious, honorable owner of *Bee's-wing*, again pronounced from his rostrum (the oft trodden table of the subscription room) that the little mare should struggle for the trophy, though for a competitor Old Nick himself were to indue the quadruped form. But, *Harkaway;* still

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rested on him."

Up to the last moment the farce was enacted that he might go; but weeks and weeks before he was safe for the contrary—the money having been laid against him in every shape and way—on single, double, and treble events (Wolverhampton, Goodwood, and the present Cup, to wit), and backing Bee's-wing against him, p.p.; in other words, the deadest robbery and plunder having been committed, openly, and in every hole and corner, by those who knew the intentions of his owner, and for whose benefit they were to have acted—though, according to the memorable letter of Mr. Davis (uncontradicted in any particular), a tremendous per centage on the spoils was bagged by them *in transitu*. If this be the refutation of an unjust expulsion from the Hibernian Club, it is, in sooth, an Irish mode of blundering over the pale! Never in my experience of the British Turf, did I witness a more wanton and shameful violation of all sporting decency and propriety. The name of *Ferguson* immortalised in the Police Reports, will glare equally conspicuous in the Sporting Records: would that henceforth the stewards of every race course in her Majesty's dominions could say to him—"It won't do Mr. Ferguson—you can't start here."

Don John, Bee's-wing, The Doctor, and Melbourne started, and with the greatest ease the Leger winner was triumphant, coming by the post in the order named. It was indeed a treat to view the action of the two first; and the style in which the victor went by the mare (whose performances speak for themselves), must have satisfied the most sceptical, what a bit of horse-flesh was stripped for their amusement. In fact he played with the race throughout.

The Hornby Castle Stakes, two miles, between *The Doctor* and *Epirus*, when the former administered a regular emetic, was so far satisfactory, that it proved the chesnut neither could nor would have won the Leger of the year preceding.

At Heaton Park, *Shadow*, after a severe race, won the Champagne Stakes, the Flighty colt and Zoroaster running a dead heat for second, and Nicholas Nickleby being the "last number." But the latter, either liking "claret" better than "Champagne," or his 7 lb. allowance, turned the tables on the mare the next day, whose backers lost the substance, and grasped the "shadow" alone.

The Heaton Park Stakes brought the Irishman again into the field, with about 6 to 5 on him against the lot; but as a sort of *amende honorable*—poetical justice—or what the reader will—in making the first turn (abrupt and awkward enough, with a vengeance, it is), he cut a somerset, and the race at the same instant, and Paddy in turn was "down upon his luck." Whilst "flat" was the nag Flatman stopped to ask no questions, and the Chesterfield star is again in the ascendant.

The Gold Cup brought twelve to the post, gentleman jocks, when the veteran Becher, pioneering *Jugger*, baulked him of his aristocratical propensity for a knife and fork at "The House," and minus a stirrup, or rather its leather, deposited him, by dint of a strong arm and a clear head, number one at the judge's chair.

This Meeting is to be transferred to Liverpool; and, as far as a race course is involved, the change will probably be beneficial. Never was there a spot where more was left to the imagination of the spectators.

We must now retrace our steps to Newmarket, where the First October Meeting held out its attractions.

The little Grey, though G. Edwards made a "Dash" at him, carried off with ease the loose hundreds depending on the Grand Duke Michael Stakes; pocketing which, his noble owner doubtless congratulated himself on not having had a superfluous gallop at Doncaster.

Reel, beating a field of eight, won the Hopeful Stakes—but with extreme difficulty—having merely "a better head" than the Shoveller filly, and the third and fourth close upon her. Not being in the betting, she made the Fielders "dance" for joy.

The St. Leger, as booked sure, also awaited the Grey, who came in *plus* some £300, and his only antagonist *minus* a pony!

Canute, beating Alms and a Sultan filly of Lord Exeter's, received the Rutland Stakes: bad as was the field, he did not do the trick in "kingly" style—"thus far shalt thou come, and no farther:" he just struggled in, with nothing to spare.

At Northallerton, Kremlin, beating Shadow, won the Two-year-old Stakes.

The Second October Meeting was far more interesting than its predecessor. The decision of the Jockey Club on the Loutherbourg question, before adverted to, was anticipated with the most intense anxiety, exciting the hopes and fears of the whole Ring. From the repeated queries—"Which will you have—the Painter or the Physician?"—one would have supposed some great match was coming off, and, to the last moment, the partisans of either seemed equally sanguine—

"*Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances,*
Sustinet, et fata imponit diversa quorum."

Or, freely translated, for the benefit of those who may have forgotten their Hebrew—

"In equal scales "the Club" their merits weigh,
And whose the heaviest, his, to gain the day!"

But independently of this absorbing topic, the two year olds figuring in the Clearwell and Prendergast invariably attracted a goodly muster of company, and as invariably offer a key-stone to speculation on the great events for the ensuing year.

The Garden Stake (which has never been "a race" since the memorable contest between Rough Robin, Brocard, Souvenir, Bobadil, &c.), a handicap of 100 sovs., p. p., the two M. M., was *un peu piquant—Morella*, receiving 46 lbs. from *Egeria* for the year (who ran a game and honest mare, at the vast disparity of weight), winning cleverly at the finish.

Touching the Duke of Richmond's lot in the Clearwell, they reminded me of the memorable declaration of his late Majesty, when *Fleur de Lis*, *Zingance*, and *The Colonel*, were engaged for the Goodwood Cup—"Let them all crowd sail, and the best win." Bulwark, Reel, and the Vale of Belvoir, were in a similar manner declared all to start, and the best to win: this is sporting! Bulwark, with his 7 lbs. extra for the July Stakes, had scarcely a friend just prior to the start, and Reed was in a similar predicament—the Vale of Belvoir being the favorite at 7 to 2. Fifteen got away; and as the noble Lord who acted as *locum tenens* for his Grace, stuck to the "list," he must have made a good thing of it. The result exactly confirmed the Hopeful—Reel 1, Shoveller 2, with "the crack" a head behind the latter—completely vindicating the remark of one of the finest connoisseurs of racing in existence—"Tell me what you like of your trials, but give me your public running." Deceitful as the latter is at times, where all things are on "the square," it is, at any rate, safer to confide in than the former—where hope conceals defects, and exaggerates virtues, and where fame lends her wings, for the time, to the "dark" ones!

When one looks at the T. Y. C., it seemingly resembles a race of 100 yards between bipeds; with this difference, that a bad start is more likely to occur with horses, and less probability of its being recovered.

It had nearly escaped me to allude to the £50 Plate for two year olds, just preceding the Clearwell, which *All Fours* won, backed at evens, with Canute far too near him to say anything in his favor.

Perchance it may be travelling a little out of my way to allude to the Handicap Race, A. F., on Thursday, save to pay a just tribute to the exquisite riding of little Cotton, on *Joannina;* though now he be but a "feather in the scale," he is an awkward one to weigh down!

The *Camel* blood triumphed in the Prendergast, as in the Clearwell; Camelino, the favorite, was an easy victor. Great things were anticipated from the Bravura colt, second favorite at about 5 to 2; and if he could "run over" the Shoveller filly, of the same owner's (which, of course, it is well known he could do), his pretensions were of the highest description. However, the race "tried" him, and he was found awfully "wanting." The winner of this stake and Reel were both purchased at the Hampton Court Stud Sale, the dissolution of which may now haply cause a pecuniary twinge to its advocates.

At Holywell Hunt, for the celebrated Mostyn Mile, which they tell me is something like running up the side of a house, poor *Harkaway* received his *coup de grace*, as not one member of the Club could be found kind enough, or hardy enough, to give him a nomination! As he was backed at evens against the field, p. p., by the "right parties," it is to be hoped that some of the Doncaster Cup winnings were disgorged. The last advices state him to have been steamed back to "ould Ireland;" there may he remain—fit "mount" for the Great Agitator himself!

"By heaven! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of "sportsmen" their vile trash
By any indirection!"

Now for "The Houghton!" the hay and corn—the match-making—the numerically best racing week of the year; where our Turf votaries may be said—

"To often take leave, yet seem loath to depart"—

where the "Eheu! jam satis" sticks in the throat like a "burr," or the extorted submission of a dying gladiator! Numerous as was the list of conflicts, I must confine myself to two or three, as replete alone with public interest.

The Criterion Stakes—a sound, though short, Derby gallop—were easily tested by Cara, the Fanchon filly, who ran unkindly for the Chesterfield Stakes; the Vale of Belvoir coming about his usual place (second), and Bulwark and Reel, his stable companions, with their 7 lb. "drags" on, nowhere. It was the largest field out of two-year-olds, no less than seventeen coming to the post.

For the last three miles of the Beacon Course, open to all ages, the "feathers" came 1st, 2d, and 3d; no contemptible work for two-year-olds, coming, too, at he pace they did over the flat, with the Criterion Course at the end of it. Here *Tyrius*, steered by little Cotton, obtained an easy victory; and being claimed for 300 sovs., passed into Lord Exeter's stable.

On Friday, the Nursery Stakes were decided—the Ditch Mile—in favor of *Retrospect* by a head; but as Rowton, out of Bustle, gave her 20 lbs., and war only beaten off "a brace of heads," it showed only "that it is a long lane which has no ending;" for, *on dit*, that Mr. Newton, the owner, for the first time in his life of racing (about a score of years), saw his color first. He must, indeed, have fortified himself with the patience of a suitor in Chancery, both as regarded prospect and "retrospect."

The last day of the year at Newmarket—Saturday—stood honored by the great match between *Grey Momus* and *Caravan*—the latter giving, over the T. M. M., 15 lbs.—consequently 8 lbs. less than when he was defeated for the Ascot Cup. As the moment for decision approached, it became pretty evident there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark!" the Grey receding from the 2 to 1 which had been laid on, to 2 to 1 against him. The ring opened with him for choice. The race proved the soundness of the suspicion, as Caravan had won it at The Ditch, and came in many lengths first. There can be no doubt Momus would have shared the same fate in his match with Egeria, which was "off by consent;" and under any circumstances he must have had his work to do to beat her a mile, at 12 lbs. alone, for his year.

Having now taken as succint a view as was in my power of the past generally, I will for a moment turn to the future, and take a glimpse at the prominent two year olds engaged in the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger.

First and foremost in the South, comes *Wapiti;* and although fearful tales are told of her "understanding," and apparently not without foundation, should she come fit to the post, she bids fair to be a teazer. Writing in the similar period of 1836, I expressed a strong predilection for her own brother, *Wintonian*, who was then, as she is, about 40 to 1 for the Derby. Where the stakes would have gone had he stood, is no great mystery: and where the next will go, barring accidents, I should, if forced *now* to predicate, say, to this mare, in preference to any animal yet out. But the Spring may tell a different tale; and the event is too distant to commit myself by giving more than a present opinion. So few, too, composing the field, have yet made their appearance, that Don Johns and Plenipos may be in reserve.

Westonian, by the same sire, belonging to the same owner, from his Bath and Ascot running, has many supporters; but, if she stand, I should prefer the mare, with existing impressions.

As *Camellino* succumbed both to Westonian and Ilderim—when the latter, too, it is rumored, was not in full preparation—I should not deem him a very dangerous customer.

It would not surprise me to see *Ilderim* take the lead in the Odds from the Bay Middleton crack in the course of time; he is a fine slashing nag, and has done something.

The Commodore, by Liverpool—*Apothecary*, by Physician—*Provost*, by Saddler—hold conspicuous stations in the Odds for the Northern event; and justly so, referring to their deeds! The first of this trio bids fair to be a terrible customer.

After *Wapiti*, the only dangerous fillies, to appearnnce, yet out for The Oaks, are *Deception* and *Reel*—both of whom have been beaten by her. The two former, there is every indication, will avail themselves of the intervening day's repose (not made use of in the present year, there being no "clipper" of the feminine gender), and show previously for The Derby.

From the relatively small proportion of "public Artists," it is probable that the Derby betting will, throughout the winter, embrace a large number of horses; some half hundred have been already backed at one price or another, yet, like Banquo's vision—

"Another, and another, still succeeds!"

The Spring Meetings will naturally administer the "Anodyne Draught" to many, and settle the pretensions of not a few of the present aspirants to public favor; yet, with the encouraging precedent of Fielders pulling through these past two years (one lame, too, and the other amiss!), it is reasonable to calculate on a good muster at the Post. Day's lot, and Scott's—numerically so large—will, of course, afford ample *materiel* for speculation.

In taking a farewell glimpse of the year, the sporting fraternity had three "lions" roaring most awfully! There were the *Cobham* protocols—the *Harkaway* grievances, and the *Loutherbourg* deputations and investigations, to descant on and to differ about!

Two other cases of pedigree also excited attention: that of *Vernon*, which went off like a flash in the pan—and that of *Hamlet*, whose dam apparently stands like *Loutherbourg's*, "unascertained and unrecorded!"

In addition to these, is the disputed nomination of the Hawker filly, belonging to the Duke of Rutland, who has, it is stated, declined *in toto*, submitting the case to the ordinary tribunal—the Jockey Club.

Touching Owners—it has been a great year for "outsiders"—the Derby and Goodwood Stakes going to the "ultima thule" of the stables. Lord Chesterfield, singularly unlucky hitherto in the large stakes, swept away two out of the three: no bad allowance.

Whilst as to Riders—Chapple proved as "dangerous" as in his last good Derby mount; and by way of *amende* for his *Epirus* mishap, Scott tooled the winners of both Oaks and Leger.

On the other hand, Pavis was again tempted with the "forbidden fruit;" like Macbeth, he may vainly apostrophise his "air drawn dagger"—"Come, let me clutch thee!" Second, last year on *Caravan*, he was in the same position again with *Ion*—Calisto landed him in the same place—and relentless Ion (the torments of Ixion!) crowned the "secondary course" at Doncaster! Luckily, however, he escaped this fate of Tantalus, with *St. Luke* at Goodwood, finding a "Mann" as his substitute.

The policy of assimilating the Leger nominations to the Derby is manifest in the entries for the coming year, as they nearly double the past. It yet strikes me that were the Derby and St. Leger subscriptions made for "Produce"—like the Riddlesworth, &c.—there would be a most material increase; how often, naming as yearlings, has the best horse of the year been omitted. Any valid objection to this it has never been my lot to hear adduced.

The starting by flags now in use at Newmarket, ought to be universal, as, by the sure test, that of experience, it has been proved the best method of securing fair play in so essential a preliminary.

The New Stand at Ascot has been long a desideratum; and there, as well as at Doncaster, I trust the betting will be conducted *a la* Goodwood, in the enclosed area in front.

Some three years since—three little years! who would have opined that the caravan travelling could by possibility have been so prevalent? ere long, it will be as essential as the corn on which their animals subsist in every racing stable. With railways to boot, time and space will indeed be effectually annihilated.

As the "midnight oil" burns low, I shall conclude by remarking—"*non cuivis homini contingit;* my predictions have not this year been verified, running third for Derby, and second for St. Leger. So let the reader hope the "*Vatican*" may re-assert its infallibility by coming first for the next Derby.

If a bet never be a good one till it is hedged, those who acted on my hint thrown out this time last year, relative to Grey Momus and D'Egville, had no ust cause for complaint. Whatever be the result, it never has been, nor will be, my intention wilfully to mislead; but, right or wrong, to give the best vision of the dim future which my prospective spectacles can afford.

After all, we may say of the Race-horse as of the man—

"Yes! flesh is grass, and grass is hay,
They're here to-morrow, and gone to-day"—

or, using a wiser head even than "Feignwell's," exclaim, "there is nothing certain but uncertainty."

I remain, Sir, your obedient serv't, VATES.

London, 19th Nov., 1838. Bell's Life in London.

HER MAJESTY'S STUD.

Having obtained permission of the Master of the Horse (the Earl of Albemarle, whose polite attention is uniformly acknowledged,) I visited the Queen's stables, Pimlico, on Friday, the 5th ult The stables, coach-houses, &c., form a quadrangle of very considerable extent, the furthermost side of which is divided in the centre by a lofty portico, and on entering the left section I found myself in a large stable formed in the most commodious manner, each stall containing a bay carriage horse. My eye was immediately attracted by the first horse on my right, whose superior conformation indicated the judgment of George IV. This monarch was an excellent judge of the most elegant quadruped in the circle of creation, and those persons who have had an opportunity of observing the horses selected by him, and thus made themselves acquainted with the style and character of the animal which pleased him, will easily recognise the few nags which still remain in the royal stables of his selection; for instance, George IV., aware that the propelling power in the progressive motion of the horse was posteriorly derived, formed his judgment accordingly. His horses were remarkable for the superiority of their quarters, and well developed muscular gaskins, short legs and a compact form. Antler, the horse under consideration, is an excellent specimen of the style of horse to which we have just alluded, and was a favorite carriage horse of George IV. He is upwards of twenty years of age, yet looks well; rat-tailed, generally a proof of high breeding. Antler is the most finely formed horse amongst the twenty-nine bay geldings which the stable contained—all carriage-horses, few if any of them, under sixteen hands, generally exceeding that height by several inches.

Amongst these bays was her Majesty's town pair, Daniels and Defence; and also her town set, Actæon, Merlin, Dorus and David. Passing along the stable I was induced to pause opposite one of its inmates who had a very un-English appearance, and on casting my eyes above his head, I perceived him designated "Frenchman;" he was tottering before, or, in the language of the school, had "flown to pieces;" our roads, it seems, did not suit his Gallican legs and feet.

The opposite section of the building contained the carriage horses appropriated for state processions; eight blacks, and eleven cream colored—all entire horses. They are from Germany, and a peculiar style characterises the whole; they are very large, heavy animals, indicating high breeding nevertheless, though very different in appearance from English highly bred horses, while not an individual impresses upon the mind of the beholder the idea of speed. Let it not be forgotten, however, that they are not intended for fleetness of progressive motion, but parade and show; and as our readers are well aware in this respect, when decorated with their splendid caparisons, they are eminently and beautifully effective; their short peculiar step is no doubt taught them between the pillars of the riding school; yet in driving, they appear rather heavy in hand.

On going up to one of these black horses, Tornado, I was surprised at his almost elephant-like size; he stood full sixteen hands three inches high, proportionately bulky, if not more so! he was not only a very large horse, but a very fine one also. The most extraordinary and interesting individual among these black horses is Beauty, twenty-two years old, but yet looking remarkably well; nor did his crest, his muscle, or tendon when pressed by the hand, indicate very advanced life; the hair of his full flowing mane was more than a yard in length.

The creams occupied the further section of the very commodious stable, and presented an unusual appearance, particularly in regard to the color of their coats and the sympathetic or corresponding hue of the eyes; the latter like the eyes of the white ferret, and other white animals, and that extraordinary variety of the human race, the Albino, approximate to a pinky red in a dusky light. Like the Blacks, the Creams are large horses, and show considerable breeding; but how bred I am at a loss to conjecture, as I never saw nor heard of a cream-colored Arabian. A tolerably accurate opinion may be formed of the constitution of a horse by the manner in which his color is expressed—not by the mere color itself; whether the individual be a grey, a bay, or a brown, if the color appear faint and almost evanescent, as it were, the animal's constitution will be found in correspondence, weak and very susceptable of disease; if, on the contrary, the color appear well defined and impressive, a vigorous constitution will be uniformly found to accompany it. The Creams in general I regard as tender horses, incapable of severe or long continued exertion. Mungo, one of the oldest Creams in the stable, in form, is equal perhaps, if not superior, to most of his stable companions of the same color.

It may easily be supposed, that where so many entire horses are placed in the same stable, in sight of each other, though in separate stalls, much more than ordinary care is requisite to prevent mischief; the stable is therefore never left night or day; sleeping accommodations are provided for two grooms, who are not unfrequently called from their beds, particularly in the spring of the year, to prevent the terrific battles which would otherwise ensue. No animal fights with more desperate fury than the horse.

I next entered a stable containing seven grey hacks, all geldings; amongst the best formed of which were Douglas and Howard, favorites of George IV, and consequently very old horses. Cantab, formerly ridden by Queen Adelaide, appeared too much of a nag for a lady's pad, and her Majesty found him so. A spirited horse, sixteen hands high (if not more), is not very well calculated for a lady.

A dark dappled young horse (six years old) attracted my attention; he was well formed, well bred, and would have made a superior hunter.

The next stable contained the two pretty roan (or strawberry grey) ponies, so highly prized by William IV., which were brought out every morning (when he was not engaged on business of state) at ten o'clock precisely, at Windsor, when he drove them in a phaeton for an hour or more, as it might happen. In the same stable were four young carriage horses.

At this time of the year horses appear under every disadvantage; it is the moulting season, and horses never look blooming when they are casting their coats. The stables must be remarkably comfortable for their inmates, but they are not kept so warm as those which enclose the hunters in Leicestershire, and most other parts of the kingdom, where the temperature is sixty degrees at least. A fine coat cannot be produced in a very cool stable.

Horses used upon hard roads frequently show wind galls, and these excrescences or tumours appear upon many of her Majesty's horses; all of which are fat, rather than in that hard wiry condition so essential to the racer, and indeed to the hunter also; which, however, always places the nag upon the verge of inflammatory action, and therefore judiciously avoided perhaps in animals who only go short journeys, and those not very often.

I observed one weaver only, and not a single wind-sucker or crib-biter.

It is her Majesty's intention to import no more horses from Germany, but to procure more active nags in this country, Queen Victoria, like her grandfather, George III., being pleased with quick travelling.

The establishment is altogether suitable for the Sovereign of the British Empire. The harness room affords a complete treat: while nothing can be more beautiful than the carriages, dark blue being the favourite lining of William IV., delicate light drab, that of his niece Victoria. The taste of George IV. was more gaudy, as exemplified by the lining of his elegant vis-a-vis—now utterly unemployed.

The gorgeously magnificent state carriage would appear almost to defy description; it was designed and executed under the direction of Sir William Chambers, and finished in the year 1762; the paintings by Cypriani, are most beautiful.

Finally, as her Majesty purposes to increase her travelling speed, I most respectfully advise her to adopt the cross suspension springs instead of the longitudinal springs in general use, by which she will obtain a more pleasant motion and much greater security.

On Monday (Nov. 19), soon after three o'clock, I stepped into an omnibus in the Strand, which carried me to the Great Western Railway, whence I started in a few minutes for Slough, which place I reached in less time than had been occupied by the omnibus in coming from Charing Cross to the London terminus of the overwhelmingly expensive undertaking mentioned above. A second omnibus ride brought me to the town of Windsor, where I took up my temporary abode at a commodious and very comfortable hotel, the Castle, from the worthy host of which, Mr. John Clode, I experienced much more than ordinary attention.

On the following morning, a drive of twenty minutes in Windsor Great Park brought me to Cumberland Lodge, built, I believe, by the uncle of George III., celebrated for his victory at Culloden Moor. This Prince (Duke of Cumberland) was a generous patron of the turf, and his horses occupied the stables which are now tenanted by her Majesty's Hunting Stud.

Here I was received by one of the civilest and best informed grooms I ever met with—Mr. Chester. On entering the stable where the horses of the Master of the Stag Hounds (the Earl of Errol) stand, my eye was first attracted by Laurie Todd, a very well-bred, very powerful, and very active nag, scarcely more than fifteen hands; but one of those horses, of his class, whose conformation left nothing further desirable.

In the next stall stood Wonder, by Sir Joshua, fifteen hands two inches high; a very good style of nag, and although his legs exhibited marks of the firing iron, he appeared quite sound, and capable of doing his work for years.

Sir Oliver, a thorough-bred ch. horse, fifteen three, was remarkably neat and fine in the head and neck; indeed, he was a very neat horse altogether.

Johnny, b., was reduced to the neuter gender, in order to neutralize his unruly disposition, and he became a steady superior hunter, a fine square horse.

Kenilworth stood next to Johnny; a well-formed good horse.

Magpie, to whom similar remarks may be applied.

Vagrant, ch., only fifteen hands high, is at extraordinary animal; he presents one of the most powerful forms I ever saw, his quarters and gaskins, in particular, are muscular and powerful, and in consequence he possesses very superior speed; at the same time he appears as active as possible, and, as a hunter, is considered perfect. The Earl of Errol purchased him from the Earl of Chesterfield for 400 guineas, and he was not dear.

The above sevdn nags are ridden by the Master of the Hounds; they are all (except Sir Oliver) what is expressively understood by "large horses in a little compass;" active, and uncommonly well calculated for those banks and cramp jumps which, it seems, are of frequent occurrence in the country over which her Majesty's hounds run.

In the same stable with Lord Errol's horses stood Innkeeper, by Gaberlunzie: he has a Gaberlunzie head, but is nevertheless a neat horse—he is ridden by one of the whippers-in.

In taking a glance at the rest of the inmates of the Royal Hunting Stable (ridden by the Huntsman and whippers-in) I will commence with Reveller, by Reveller, a thorough-bred ch. fifteen two, blind of the near eye, who was favorite for the Derby in Cadland's year; before, however, he became manageable as a hunter, it was found necessary to disqualify him for the breeding stud. Reveller is one of those nags which the well practised eye may dwell upon for some time with unusual interest. The power of propulsion in the progressive motion of the horse, particularly in the gallop, is, and must be, posteriorly derived; and therefore, unless the animal's quarters, &c., be well spread and muscularly powerful, he cannot manifest extraordinary speed. Reveller's quarters are expansive and well set in, his gaskins remarkably powerful, equal to those of Camel for instance; he is sickle-hammed, remarkable for the angularity of his hocks, upon which, however, the mark of the actual cautery does not appear, as might have been expected—such shaped hocks being very liable to curbs. He is altogether a well-formed horse, but not what fashion would denominate handsome. Symptoms of advanced life were perceptible, produced more, in all probability, from his original unruly disposition, than from the years he has numbered, which are thirteen.

Partner, d. ch. by Little John, fifteen two, may be correctly pronounced a clever looking nag, without, however, anything in his conformation which requires particular remark.

The Brewer, by Orion, b., fifteen two and a half; not exactly thorough-bred, but to whom remarks similar to those contained in the last paragraph may be applied

Mortimer, ch., fifteen hands, by Bizarre, out of Honeysuckle, and consequently thorough-bred. If he be not a large horse, he makes up in breeding what he may be deficient in size.

Buffon, ch. mixed with grey hairs, by Comus, and possessing the prevalent quality of the Comus stock—speed.

In another section of the stables stood Helen, not thorough-bred, nor yet remarkably fleet, if, at least, an opinion is to be formed from her conformation.

Kingfisher made a more favorable impression on the eye; he is not a thorough-bred, fifteen hands one inch, and I feel no hesitation in pronouncing him a good horse.

Elmore (purchased from the dealer of that name) is a good-looking nag, but, having manifested symptoms of roaring, has been condemned, or at least he has been deemed unworthy of the Royal service, and will therefore be removed from his present very comfortable quarters.

In the next stall stood a nag upon whom my eye rested with unusual interest, and in whom I very soon recognised an old acquaintance. Nimrod, a splendid b. horse, sixteen hands high—perhaps a trifle more—all over a Leicestershire horse. The last time I saw that Prince of Fox Hunters (the late Sir H. Goodricke) in the field, he was mounted upon this identical horse. Nimrod is, no doubt, thorough-bred, and I know him to have been a "clipper;" but "time's defacing finger" has worn off the vigorous bloom of youth from this gallant steed, who has not however, entirely lost the fire of his eye, nor yet that appearance of genuine "game" for which the hunter is remarkable.

The Saddler, who stood in the next stall, is an animal of a similar description; br., sixteen hands at least; altogether a hunter (he can go the pace and the distance), and is a very superior jumper.

Adam Brock, The Saddler's companion to the right, though less than the latter, is a fine br. horse, and a very superior jumper.

The Hare, a ch. m., fifteen two, shows much breeding, and appears to be an active animal, but much given to kicking in the stable.

In crossing the yard to some loose boxes, Mr. Chester pointed out the enclosure where the justly celebrated Eclipse was foaled; such, at least, was the information which he received from George IV. Some accounts represent Eclipse as having been dropped at Cranborne; but the authority of the monarch above mentioned must be preferable to vague conjecture.

In the first box was Jack Brag, by Master Henry, b., fifteen three.

In the next box stood The Colonel, by Whalebone, a bay, fifteen hands one inch, a fine horse.

At length Hermit was placed before me. He is the favorite nag of Mr. Davis the huntsman, is highly interesting, and indeed remarkable, from the bending of his knees, which defect it seems he exhibited as soon as foaled, but which may be considered as no defect in him, as he has, up to this time, been a very safe goer—by Mr. Davis regarded as a nonpareil. His knees are considerably bent; and, if I be not much mistaken, his near knee is "going." Hermit is in color grey, inclined to dapple, in height fifteen hands three inches; not thorough-bred, but with large cone. His shoulders scarcely present the genuine obliquity, and are loaded, an objectionable formation, compensated perhaps in a great degree by his long and very powerful arm. His bosom is sufficiently capacious, his carcass good, and rather inclining to the deep rib. Hermit's quarter is by far his finest and best point, gaskins powerful, and well let down, accompanied by that lateral muscular development which must materially assist both his speed and jumping. He is by Skim. Like one or two already mentioned, Hermit was subjected to the neutralizing operation, on account of his vicious disposition.

The temperature of the stables was, as it ought to be, about sixty degrees of the thermometer, and their inmates looked remarkably well, highly creditable indeed to the superintendent. A horse cannot become fine in his coat, or be got in condition, in what is called a *cool* stable; further, if a horse already in condition be placed in a cool stable, his condition cannot be maintained.

Clipping and singeing, I observed, had been resorted to very judiciously where necessary, while the fine close-coated nags were very properly allowed to carry the whole of their natural covering. I observed neither a weaver, a wind-maker, nor a crib-biter, but Mr. Chester informed me that one amongst the number was inclined to the latter unsightly practice, though I did not see him at work. Instances of tender feet it is impossible to prevent in a stable numerously tenanted with hunters; because, however well formed the foot may be, however wide the heel, the hunter, from being necessarily shod short, must be liable to diseased feet, and to corns in particular. The method adopted here for assuaging the pain of tender feet, is by placing them in warm water, which by softening them, and promoting the circulation of the blood in the small vessels so remote from the fountain (the heart), operates as far towards a cure as the nature of the disease will admit.

Another practice here is well worthy of imitation:—a large wooden box was formed, under the direction of Mr. Chester, into which the horses walk, on their return from hunting, when the after part is closed, and, by means of a pipe, warm water is conducted into the bath till it reaches a sufficient height, by which means the circulation of the blood is promoted, and subsequent stiffness prevented; after the animal has stood in the bath a sufficient length of time, the water is let off, the horse taken out, scraped, and rubbed dry immediately, and thus made as comfortable as possible.

The stables, and everything connected with them, had a clean and very business-like appearance, creditable in the highest degree to the superintendent, and indeed to all connected with the establishment.

From "The Era," a new Sporting Paper in London, edited by T. B. Johnson, Esq.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 25th March.

W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.

Second day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day a purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $300, two mile heats.

Third day a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $500, three mile heats.

Same day a purse of $100, mile heats.

Fourth day a purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winer to receive $1000, four mile heats. Same day a purse of $100, mile heats,

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when those rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

As the New York and Philadelphia Rail Road, which will pass by the Eagle Course, will be completed before the ensuing Spring, the course will hereafter be opened in a manner far superior to what it has formerly been. The time of the meeting will not again be altered under any consideration.

O. BAILEY, *Sec'y.*

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE,

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

jd1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ———.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ———.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30. Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Ladies Purse $200, ent. $15. Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22-t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, 18th Feb. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats. Closed with the following subscribers:

Col. W. Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
Col. Fitzsimons names imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
Col. J. S. Preston names imp. ch. c. by Defence, out of Tears by Woeful.
Col. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery by Sir Archy.
Also, " br. f. by Sultan, out of Rachel
Powell McRa Jr. names br. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of the dam of Grizzle.
Col. James H Adams names imp. ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Peri.
Mr. Pierce names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Betsey Hare.
Second day, Wednesday—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. [No horse allowed to start this day that is not under 5 yrs.]
Fifth day—Handicap Race, Three mile heats. Amount of Purse regulated by receipts at the gates.

A purse, as usual, will be given by the Citizens. The day on which it will be contended for, will be announced as soon as determined by the Stewards.

On each day the Club will also give a purse for a second race.

By-Rule 1. The first Annual Meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday evening, Feb. 16th, at Stewart's Carolina Hotel, Broad-st., at 7 o'clock. Members and other persons desirous of obtaining information upon any particular subject connected with the Rules of the Club, the entrance of the horses, &c., are requested to take notice and attend.

☞ The Editor of the Turf Register, at Baltimore, is requested to publish the above in the Jan. and Feb. Nos. [d15-6t]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on the 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 year olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $ 00, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N. B. There is a Produce Stake now open for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run over the Norfolk Course in the Spring of 1842, sub. $500, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st Feb. 1839. Now 3 subs. [d22-t1a]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on the second Tuesday, 12th March, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close by 20th Feb. next. Now 3 subs.

Same day—A *Champagne Stake* for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. $50, Mile heats; the Club to use the Champagne. Now 5 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Entrance 5 per cent on each purse, free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the Proprietor at Mobile, *post paid.*

Good stables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor.

F. K. WEST, *Secretary.*
J. A. STEWART, *Corresponding Sec'y.*
[d15-t20f.] D. STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*

MONTGOMERY (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE Annual Races over the Bertrand Course, will commence on the 22d January, 1839, when the following purses will be run for:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse - - $300
Second day—Two mile heats - - 500
Third day—Three mile heats - - 700 } Free for all.
Fourth day—Four mile heats - - 1000
Fifth day—Mile heats best 3 in 5 - - 300

The Purses will be hung up at the Stand on each day.

[n24-9t] TAYLOR & BROWN, *Proprietors.*

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

HORSE AND CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.—The Subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened an extensive Emporium for the Sale of Horses, &c., at 72 Prince street, opposite Niblo's Garden, every Friday, at 11 o'clock, and they hope to merit the confidence of the public, as nothing shall be wanting on their part to give general satisfaction. All orders for any of the country markets in either Road or Blood Stock, promptly attended to with the utmost precision. Mr Cox has been favorably known for many years as one of the most extensive dealers in New York. Horses taken at Livery and to Hire at all times to their friends.

D. T. COX.
[n24-3m] J. P. BUTLER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by *Imp. Citizen.*

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 *miles from* Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due the 1st Jan. 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tenn.

From the untarnished character of old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

A. B. NEWSAM.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents, if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¼ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury on one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North-East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country, unlimited business was guarantied; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw a-side all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little, petty slanders, relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season; each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, *unsurpassed.*

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb. next, to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms: $100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants will them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them: his name will be handed down from Turf to Turf; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe.* [n10] F. W. LACY.

RICHARD.

THIS celebrated Imported Horse, the only son in America of that renowned horse *Orville*, and own brother to those celebrated race horses, *Master Henry* and *Sporus*, will stand for mares the present season at the stable of Maj. B. LUCKETT, Franklin County, Kentucky.

HE is a dark mahogany bay, about 16 hands high, of good bone, great muscular power, and ability to carry weight, as the high weights which a perusal of his performances will show, he has successfully carried, especially in his races for King's Plates, repeatedly, over the course of four miles. In point of blood, and what in England is termed family stoutness, he is hardly equalled, certainly not excelled, by any horse in England, or at this time imported. He was sent to America by F. B. OGDEN, Esq., American Consul resident at Liverpool, and landed at New York in 1836.

PEDIGREE.

Richard was bred, or first brought forward on the turf, by Lord Jersey. He was foaled in 1818; got by Orville, out of Miss Sophia (bred by Mr. Wilson in 1805) by Stamford; her dam, Sophia by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca by Highflyer—Cypher by Squirrel—Regulus, &c. &c.

Orville was bred by Earl Fitzwilliam in 1799; got by Benningbrough (who was the best son of King Fergus, the best son of Eclipse,) out of Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantram—Regulus—Marske's dam by Blacklegs, &c. &c.

Stamford (sire of Miss Sophia, Richard's dam,) was bred by Sir F. Standish in 1794; got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam Horatia (Sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton in 1783,) by Eclipse; her dam Countess (Delpini's dam) by Blank—Rib—Wynn Arabian, &c. &c.

PERFORMANCES,

In full, from the English Racing Calendar.

1821—Newmarket Craven Meeting, Saturday, April 28—Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each, h. ft., 8st. 7lb.; D.M.

Lord Jersey's b. c. *Richard*, brother to Sporus, by Orville	1
Lord Suffield's bl. c. by Muley, out of Miss Catch	2
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Totemkin	3

Even betting on Richard.

Epsom, Thursday, June 7—The first year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 gs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and a half; the owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 gs. out of the stakes; 54 subs.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus, by Election, out of Lady Grey by Stamford	1
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Reginald, by Haphazard	2
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Sir Huldibrand, by Octavius, out of Truth's dam	3

Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Tressilian, by Orville; Lord Jersey's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville; Mr. S. Milne's ch. c. Jock the Laird's brother, by Viscount; Mr. Fox's ch. c. North-wester, by Haphazard; Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by Waxy, out of Penny-trumpet; Mr. S. Dunscombe's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Hipswell Lass; H. R. H. the Duke of York's b. c. by Walton, dam by Trafalgar, out of Musidora; Mr. Calicy's b. c. The Heiman, by Medley, out of Miss Platoff; Mr. Batson's b. c. Rooter, by Hedley, out of Jesse; and Lord Exeter's br. c. Mokanna, by Soothsayer, also started, but were not placed.

Ascot Heath Tuesday, June 19—The Oatland Stakes of 30 gs. each, 20 ft., and only 10 gs. if declared, &c.; two miles and a half.

Mr. Ockenden's b. h. Strephon, by Rubens, 6 yrs. 8st. 5lb	1
H. R. H. the Duke of York's br. h. Banker, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb	2
Mr. J. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb	3
Lord Verulam's b. g. Veterinarian, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb	4
Col. Morland's Rauter, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Mr. Low, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.; Duke of Rutland's b. f. Eugeine, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb., and Mr. Walker's ch. c. Canova, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb., paid it.	

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only 10 gs. each:—Mr. James' Master Henry, 6 yrs. 9st. 3lb.; Mr. Fraser's Champignon, 5 yrs. 9st. 11b.; H. R. H. the Duke of York's Pacha, 5 yrs. 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Stevens' b. f. Ethelinda, 5 yrs. 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Batson's b. f. Lass, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.; Mr. King's b. g. Tybalt, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb.; Mr. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Bigg's France, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb.; Lord Darlington, who named Mr. Fraser's Clan Albyn, 4 yrs. 7st., and Mr. Howorth, who named Lord Jersey's b. c. *Richard*, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Banker, 7 to 2 agst. Vanloo, and 4 to 1 agst. Strephon.

Richmond, Wednesday, Oct. 3—The United Service Stakes of 30 gs. each, 20 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st.; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra. One mile and a half.

Mr. Watson's Fortuna	1
Sir M. M. Sykes' b. c. Brother to Antelope	2
Mr. R. Milne's b. f. My Lady	3
Mr. Alison's br. c. Vingtun	4
Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*	5
Mr. Riddle's b. f. by XYZ, out of Swinton's dam	6
Mr. O. Powlett's ch. f. Marigold	7

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. My Lady, 5 to 2 agst. Fortuna, and 3 to 1 agst. Bro. to Antelope.

1822—Newmarket Craven Meeting, Tuesday, April 9—The Oatland Stakes of 50 gs. each, h. ft., D I.; 24 subs., besides 4 who paid 10 gs. each, to the owner of the 2d horse.

Mr. Fox's ch. c. North wester, by Haphazard, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	C. Norman. 1
Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Incantator, 3 yrs. 7st. 9 lb.	2
Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	3

Mr. R. Petre's ch. g. Euphrates, 5 yrs. 9st. 11b.; Ld. Exeter's b. c. by Androssan, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.; Lt. Bridgewater's b. c. Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.; Duke of Grafton's b. c. Reginald, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.; and Mr. Stevens' b. c. Vanolme, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb., also started, but the Judge placed only the first three.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. North-wester, 7 to 1 agst. Reginald, 7 to 1 agst. Euphrates, 8 to 1 agst. Incantator, and 10 to 1 agst. Shreckhorn.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Wednesday, April 24—Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for 3 yr. olds, 7st., 8lb.; 4, 8st. 11lb.; and 5 9st. 4lb.; B.C. (upwards of 4 miles).

Ld. Stradbroke's b. c. Incantator, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs.	F. Boyce. 1
Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 3 yrs.	2
Mr. Batson's b. f. Freak, 3 yrs.	3
H. Edwards' b. c. Capulet, 3 yrs.	4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Incantator and 4 to 1 agst. *Richard*.

Newcastle, Monday, July 15—His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 4 yr. olds, 10st. 4lb; 5, 11st. 6lb; 6, 12st., and aged, 12st. 2lb. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs.	1
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Packman, 4 yrs	2
Ld. Scarborough's b. c. Byram, 4 yrs	3
Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. Lord of the Manor, 4 yrs.	4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Packman, and 5 to 2 agst. *Richard*.

Same place and meeting, Thursday, July 18—A Gold Cup, value 100 gs., by subscriptions of 10 gs. each for 3 yr. olds, 6st. 4lb; 4, 7st. 11lb.; 5, 8st. 7lb; 6 and aged, 8st. 10 lb.; mares allowed 3lb. Four miles. Ten subs.

Mr. Lambton's br. h. Waverley, by Whalebone, 5 yrs.	1
Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 4 yrs.	2
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. f. Fair Helen, 4 yrs.	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Mr. Lambton's two.

York August Meeting, Monday, 19th—His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 4 yr. olds, 10st. 4lb.; 5, 11st. 6lb., &c. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs.	1
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Champagne, 4 yrs.	2
Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman, 4 yrs.	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. *Richard*, and 7 to 4 agst. Champagne.

Same place and week, Thursday, 22d—One Third of the 25 gs. Subscription, with 50*l.* added by the City, for 4 yr. olds 8st., and 5, 8st. 11lb. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 4 yrs.	M. Noble. 1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Catiline, 4 yrs.	2
Mr. Fox's ch. c. North-wester, 4 yrs.	3
Mr. Watts' br. h. Bergaan, 5 yrs.	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. *Richard*, and 2 to 1 agst. Catiline.

Pontefract, Wednesday, Sept. 4—A Gold Cup, value 100 gs., the surplus in specie, by subscriptions of 10 gs. each, with 20 added; 3 yr. olds, 6 st. 9lb; 4, 8 st; 5, 8st. 9lb.; 6 and aged 8st. 11b.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; Two miles and seven furlongs; twelve subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. h. Waverley, by Whalebone, 5 yrs.	T. Nicholson. 1
Sir R. K. Dick's ch. g. Euphrates, 6 yrs.	2

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 4 yrs; Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Wanton, 3 yrs; L. Fox's ch. c. North-wester, 4 yrs., and Mr. Petre's br. h. Sir John, 5 yrs., also started, but the Judge placed only two.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Euphrates, 5 to 2 agst. Wanton, 7 to 2 agst. *Richard*, and 5 to 1 agst. North-wester.

Same place and week, Thursday, 5th—The Borough Members' Plate of 70*l.*, for all ages, weights the same as for Tuesday's Plate, the winner of which carried 3lb. extra; Three mile heats.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs.	1 1
Ld. Scarborough's br. c. Byram, 4 yrs.	2 dr

Betting: 5 to 2 on *Richard*.

Doncaster, Monday, Sept. 16—His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 4 yr. olds, 10st 4lb.; 5, 11st 6lb; 6, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs.	1
Ld. Queenberry's bl. c. Plato, 4 yrs.	2
Mr. Rushton's br. c. Vingtun, 4 yrs.	3

Betting: 15 to 8 on *Richard*.

It will be seen by the above performances, that Richard ran three times in 1821, when 3 yrs. old, and paid one forfeit. That in 1822, prior to being rated 4 yrs. old, and when 4 yrs. old, he started nine times, six of which races were *four miles*, and one *three mile heats*; that he won five out of these nine races, four of those which he won being *four miles*, and three of these of four miles being for *King's Plates*, carrying the high weight of 10st. 4lb (144lbs.) That in both the four mile races in which he was beat, viz: by Incantator over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, and by Waverley at Newcastle, he ran second. That Waverley belonged to the same owner, who thought proper to win with him, and that Richard had previously ran for, and won that same week, at the same place, the King's Plate. That two others of his four mile races in which he was successful, he performed at York in the same week also. All of which goes to show, that his *best play* was *game and stoutness* and the course of *four miles*. That the race which he lost at Pontefract (two miles and seven furlongs) was like that at Newcastle, won by Waverley, belonging to the same owner, who, it is reasonable to suppose, saved Richard as much as possible in this race, as he, the very next day, started him for the Borough Members' Plate, *three mile heats*, which he won.

His last race, for the King's Plate at Doncaster, *four miles*, carrying for 4 yrs. old 144lbs., was won in 7 minutes 58 seconds.

His own brother, *Master Henry*, foaled in 1815, might with truth be styled the best horse of his time. His performances were brilliant in the extreme. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 1819, carrying 6st. 7lb. as 3 yrs. old, he won the First Class of the Oatland Stakes, D I, beating Lebius, The Student, Finesse, and Sir Thomas; and the same year, at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting, carrying for 4 yrs. old 8st. 11lb (127lbs.) he beat Zephyr, Beppo and Rob Roy over the Beacon Course (upwards of four miles); at the Second Spring Meeting, 1820, he beat Financier, the Abington mile, for 200 gs., and at the same meeting he beat Pacha the two middle miles of the Beacon Course, for 200 gs.; and at the First Spring Meeting, 821, he beat Little John 4 yrs. old, and Allegro, 5 yrs., the last three miles of the Beacon Course. At the same meeting, carrying as for 5 yrs. old, 11st 9lb. (tbs.), he won the King's Plate over the Beacon Course, beating Little John and Autar, 4 yrs. olds, 11st. each (154lbs.); Little John and Henry ran a dead heat, which being run over, Henry won. He ran on with great credit until 1821, beating the best horses in England. When aged, his then owner, Mr. L. Charlton challenged for the Whip at Newmarket, and named Master Henry, which challenge not being accepted, he carried it off. Here there is a striking example of the family union of speed with stoutness, all lengths and at high weights. After this he was withdrawn from the turf and became a public stallion, was purchased four or five years ago by Messrs. Merritt & Co. of Virginia, shipped for America, and lost on the passage.

Sporus, the other own brother of Richard, was also an excellent performer. We have not space to set forth all his exploits. He came out in 1821 at 4 yrs. old, winner of a class of the Oatland Stakes of 400 gs., at Newmarket; the Garden Stakes, and of 100 gs. at the same place; the King's Plate at Ipswich. In 1822 he won the Gold Cup at the Hoo, 100 gs. at Newmarket, and the Gold Cup at Oxford.

Emilius, also got by Orville, out of a Stamford mare, won all the great stakes he started for in 1824, then 3 yrs. old, viz: a Class of the Riddlesworth Stakes, the Dinner Stakes of 100 gs. each, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and 100 gs. at Newmarket, the great Derby Stakes at Epsom, and 500 gs. at Ascot. After 4 yrs. old, he was withdrawn from the turf, became a public stallion, and is the sire of the celebrated *Priam*, of *Plenipotentiary*, and many other good ones.

Orville we cannot pass, without noting in him this extraordinary combination of speed and endurance. It will be recollected that he commenced running in 1801, when only two years old, and that at 3 yrs. old, Sept. 28, 1802, he won the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and the next day ran second to Alonzo for the Gold Cup, *four miles*. The next year, 1803, Aug. 22d, at York, he ran next to Duxbury in a Produce Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each, for 4 yr. olds, *four miles*. And four days afterwards, the 26th, he ran 2d to Mr. Mellish's Stockton, *four miles*, beating Duxbury, (who had four days previously beat him,) and a large field of good ones. At Doncaster, on the 28th Sept. following, he ran second to Marcia, by Coriander, *four miles*, beating Alonzo, who had before beat him. The next day, Sept. 29, he beat Stockton, who had before beat him, two miles. The next year, 1804, at York, Aug. 22, he ran next to Traveller, again beating Stockton, *four miles*, who had beat him the same distance. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, he beat Pepylin and Doncaster, two miles, and a third time beat Stockton in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. At Newmarket, Oct. 15, he ran next to Sir Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey, over the Beacon Course, upwards of *four miles*. In 1805, he beat Houghton Lass, Harefoot, and Lady Brough, *four miles*. He beat the Duke of Richmond's Rolla, for the King's Plate, carrying as 6 yrs. old, 168lbs., Rolla, aged 170lbs., *four miles*. He beat the famous Walton, of the same age, 124lbs. each, *four miles*. 1805—At Newmarket he beat Quiz, Norval, and Sir Harry Dimsdale, over the Beacon Course. He received forfeit from Houghton Lass, *four miles*. At Lewes, he walked over *four miles*. At Newmarket he beat Parasol, Stanley, Houghton Lass, and Henry, over the Beacon Course. He ran second to Bustard, beating Sanche, over the Beacon Course. He beat Pelisse and Enchanter over the Beacon Course. At Brighton he walked over for the Somerset Stakes of 50 gs. each, *four miles*. He again beat Pelisse at even weights, in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. He beat Cerberus *four miles*, and Brighton *four miles*. He beat Canopus at Newmarket, over the Beacon Course, and again beat Parasol over the Beacon Course. We have not here given all his races, particularly the short ones, but trust we have set forth sufficient to show the union of stoutness with the speed of a winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, his training and running on successfully to Oct. 1807, when 8 yrs. old, winning eight times in his last year, and all his races of *four miles* that year, and indeed *all*, except one D.I., about two miles. He ran and walked over 35 times.

Orville is also the sire of Muley, who got Leviathan, and Margrave, (both now in this country), of Muley Moloch, and many others of the first class.

Orville's sire, *Benningbrough*, is another sample of the union of speed with continuance, he won the Great St. Leger in 1791, and distinguished himself at all distances. In his sire, King Fergus, O'Kelly's great favorite, supposed the fleetest son of Eclipse, we have the same qualifications, and next in the paternal line, we trace to the fleetest of the fleet, and the stoutest of the stout, the ever memorable Eclipse himself. On the side of his dam we go at once to Highflyer, who never was beat, and who never paid forfeit.

Besides Richard, Master Henry, and Sporus, Miss Sophia is also the dam of Master George, Lady Henry, and Emma by Orville; of Leipsic by Sorcerer, Custard by Soothsayer, Henrica by Weird, Mameluke by Partisan, and others, showing every requisite as a breeder. What, then, can exceed the produce of such a mare, by such a horse as Orville? From what other can the most sanguine expectations of breeders be more likely to be realized?

If in addition to Richard's own performances over the course of four miles, that of his brothers, his sire, and family through, can recommend him to the notice of the public, he is certainly entitled to the same. In this belief the subscriber is induced to offer him as a Stallion to the breeders of Blood Stock, in the hope that he will meet with their patronage. [J19] M. BEACH.

SHARK.

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15½ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.

Shark was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Taylor's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clockfast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

PERFORMANCES.

Shark was sold early to Charles Green, Esq., of New York, who first brought him on the turf, named in a sweepstakes for 3 year olds.

1833—*Union Course L. I.*—Sweepstakes of $300 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats. Six subs.

Charles Green's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy	1	2	1
James Bathgate's ch. c. Midas, by Eclipse out of Young Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Expedition	2	1	2
R. L. Stevens' ch. f. by Henry, out of Cinderella by Duroc	6	3	dist.
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. c. Alpha, by De Witt Clinton—Eleanor by Imp. Expedition	5	4	dist.
John R. Snediker's gr. f. Damsel, by Eclipse, out of Garland by Duroc	3		dist.
Wm. Gibbons' bl. f. Alert, by Eclipse Lightfoot—Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt	4		dist.

Time, 1:53—1:49—1:50. An excellent race between Shark and Midas.

After this race he was sold to Capt. R. F. Stockton for something exceeding $8000.

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 26—Purse $150, for 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Wm. B. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 3 yrs.	1	1
Gen. C. Irvine's h. John Stevens, by Henry, 5 yrs.	3	2
L. Murat's h. Jessie Fowler, by Childers, 5 yrs.	2	3
J. H. Van Mater's gr. h. Shamrock, by Tormenter, 5 yrs.	4	4
J. C. Craig's gr. f. Blue Bird, by Medley, 4 yrs.	bolt.	
W. Hague's c. Orphan Boy, by Mark Anthony, 4 yrs.	dist.	
S. Lenox's m. Black eyed-Susan, by American Boy, 5 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 1:51½—1:51.

Union Course, L. I., Oct. 1—Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft, for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse	1	1
C. Green's (Maj. Jones') b. c. Sidi Hamet, by Eclipse, out of Princess	3	2
J. C. Craig's gr. c. Jessup, by Medley, out of Betsey Robinson	2	3

Time, 3.49—3.56. Won very easily.

1834—*Union Course*, First Spring Meeting, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	6	1	1
J. C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria, (own sister to Shark), aged	3	2	2
Walter Livingston's gr. m. Alice Grey, by Henry—Sportsmistress by Hickory, 5 y	2	3	3
J. M. Selden's b. c. Charles Kemble, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.	1	4	4
S. Laird's b. h. Henry Archie, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.	4	5	5
J. M. Botts' b. h. Rolla, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.	5	dr	

Time, 7.55—7.57—8.03

Union Course, Second Spring Meeting, June 6—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for all ages, wts. as before given. Four mile heats.

W. R. Johnson's ch. m. Trifle, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 6 yrs.	1	1
W. Livingston's gr. m. Alice Grey, by Henry, 5 yrs.	3	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	2	3

Time, 7:57—8.07.

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27—Purse $400, for all ages, weights the same as before noted upon this course. Three mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. K. Van Mater's b. c. Daniel O'Connell, by John Richards, 4 yrs.	3	2
S. Laird's b. h. Henry Archie, by Henry, 6 yrs.	4	3
T. H. Rowlet's b. m. Queen Dido, by John Richards, 6 yrs.	2	dr

Time, 6.01—5:51.

Central Course, Md., Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

W. R. Johnson's ch. m. Trifle, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	3	2
J. M. Selden's b. c. Charles Kemble, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2	3
Col. John Crowell's ch. h. Robin Hood, by Henry, 5 yrs.	4	4
Wm. H. Minge's gr. c. Blue Streak, by Medley, 4 yrs.	5	dist.

Time, 7:53—7:49.

After this race, Shark was sold to John C. Craig, Esq., for $15,000, and was trained the next season by W. R. Johnson, Esq.

1835—*Central Course, Md.*, Oct. 19—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft, for all ages, weights the same as before noted on this Course. Three mile heats. Three subs.

John E. Dorsey's b. c. Mazeppa, by Hotspur, dam by Francisco, 4 yrs.	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's bl. h. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	2	2
John C. Stevens' b. f. Clara Howard, by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs.	pd. ft.	

Time, 5:56—6:03.

Union Course, L. I., Second Fall Meeting, Nov. 7—Purse $500, for all ages, weights the same as before noted on this Course. Three mile heats.

Alex. L. Botts' ch. c. Veto, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 3 yrs.	1	1
Wm. L. Stotts' b. h. Sidney, by Sir Charles, aged	4	2
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. Mark Moore, by Eclipse, 3 yrs.	3	3
Wm. R. Johnson's bl. h. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	2	4
Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. Merrygoold, by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 6:06—6:15. Raining and the track very deep and heavy.

After this last race Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the ensuing season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat, over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839, at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either, $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and rec'd ft. 11 times, ran 2d 4 times, and 3d 4 times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 years old, he was the trial horse of the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig.

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of any other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse, ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 21, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

MARIANNA (Flo.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FIRST MEETING of this Club under its new organization, will take place on the 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb., 1839, and continue four days.

First day—Two mile heats, Citizens' Purse	$300
Second day—Two mile heats, Jockey Club Purse	250
Third day—Three mile heats, " " "	600
Fourth day—Mile heats best 3 in 5 " "	250

The entrance money of each day will be 10 per cent on the amount of the purse to be run for.

☞ Newmarket Rules to govern.

Marianna, Nov. 26, 1838.—[d15] A. H. BUSH, *Secretary*.

SWEEPSTAKES—HAMPTON COURSE.

AS it is, and has been usual of late years, with the proprietors of the different race tracks of our country, to advertise their stakes and in my opinion to close at too early a period to give the owners of colts a fair opportunity of testing their racing qualities, I therefore communicate to the sporting world my present plan, rules, and terms.

There will be kept open Stakes for 2 and 3 year olds, to be run for every successive year, and not to be closed until one month previous to the race; declaration, 15 days before the coming off of the race.

Stakes of $1000 each subscription, ft. $500, dec. $100, will be Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Stakes of $500 each subscription, h. ft., dec. $75, will be Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Dashes of Two or One mile, to suit the convenience of parties; that is, the amount to be run for.

Persons wishing to make their entries, will please direct their letters to the subscriber, acting proprietor of the Hampton Course, or to Capt. WM. G. NIMMO, Secretary of the Hampton Jockey Club, Augusta, Ga. [n10] F. W. LACY.

BROOD MARES.

FOR SALE, several thorough-bred mares, of approved blood, that have passed the last season with *Mingo*. These mares were bred by the subscriber, are healthy, of good size and form, and have proved themselves to be good breeders. Letters of application for additional information, post paid, will receive early attention from the Editor of this paper, and from C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1838.

☞ The mares are in Chester County, not far distant from Philadelphia, and will be shown to persons desirous of examining them. Some of them have foals at their heels. [o6-tf.] C. I.

STALLION FOR SALE OR TO LET.

MASTER HENRY, by Henry, out of Belle Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 years old next Spring, 15½ hands, very stout and strong, and of immense power, is for sale at a bargain, or will be farmed out to some good and responsible person. Address

[d29] JAMES B. KENDALL, Baltimore, Md.

WASHINGTON HOTEL—BROADWAY.

THE Subscriber, late of the National Hotel, having taken the above well-known establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his capacious and airy mansion has been completely renovated and painted throughout, and is now in complete order to accommodate the public. Strangers will find the Washington a central and desirable situation. The private parlors communicate with the dormitories, forming suites of rooms, where families can be delightfully situated and retired. The bill of fare daily will be found satisfactory to the most fastidious epicure, embracing every delicacy of the season. Gentlemen will find an ordinary served regularly at half-past three o'clock, with the best of attendance, for the Proprietor, having under his direction first rate French Cooks, and a cellar stored with the choicest Wines, pledges himself to promote to the best of his abilities, the comforts of all who honor his Hotel. [d15-3m] HORATIO N. CARR.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following full blooded, improved Short-horned [Durham] Cattle:

Superior, red cow, calved Aug. 8, 1832, by Gambier [2046], out of Splendour by Anson [1639], grandam Sophia by Cupid [938], &c. For more extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, pp. 634 and 646. Bred by Whitaker, and imported by the subscriber.

Nevis, red bull calf, calved 28th Aug., 1838, out of Superior by Boaz—see B.'s pedigree below.

Fanny, roan heifer, calved 31st May, 1835 [now in calf by Boaz], by Ambo [1636], out of Daisy by Fairfax [1023], grandam Lucy by Warlaby [672]. For extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, p. 339. Imported by the subscriber.

Boaz, roan bull, calved 15th April, 1835, by Magnet, out of Young Princess by Albion, grandam Old Princess. Bred by Chas. H. Hall. For extended pedigree see certificates of Robert Stalen, Steward to the Earl of Derby, and the Breeder.

All these cattle are large and of the most approved form

[O13-tf.] JAMES A. HAMILTON, Nevis, Dobbs Ferry P. O., New York.

NEW ORLEANS WEEKLY PICAYUNE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to this highly popular Southern journal received at this office. Devoted to every thing in general and full accounts of theatricals, racing, and all the sports going on in the Emporium of the South, in particular. The proprietors feel a confidence in recommending the Picayune to their Northern friends.

Terms—Five Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. For further particulars enquire at the office of the Spirit of the Times. [o2]

REPEATING FIRE ARMS—COLT'S PATENT.

No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C.	Washington Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, Monday, 18th Feb.
GREENSBORO', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
MARIANNA, Fla.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb.
MAYSVILLE, Ky.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
MOBILE, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th March.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 4 m. heats, *Melzar* vs. *The Poney*, Thursday, 7th March.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th March.
" " "	Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March.
" " "	Metarie Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Wednesday, 27th March.
NORFOLK, Va.,	and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Feb.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday in March.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil.
WASHINGTON CITY.	National Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) FALL RACES,

Commenced over the "Richardson Course" on the 8th instant, a report of which has been kindly furnished by an attentive friend, from which the annexed is compiled:—

TUESDAY, Jan. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Nine subs. at $100 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

Col. Richard Singleton's br. c. by Godolphin, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy	1 1
T. Richardson's b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy	2 2
Col. E. Richardson's b. f by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock	3 dist.
P. McRa's b. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier	4 dist.
Col. B. Butler's gr. f by Mons. Tonson, dam omitted	dist.
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. f. by Dockon, " "	dist.
The nominations of Messrs. J. Colclough, J. B. Richardson, and D. Rowe	pd.ft.

Time, 3:58—3:55.

The Godolphin colt led from end to end in both heats, making the best time on record over this track. We are highly gratified to see his chivalrous owner once more in the field, and in his old place, and trust the Carolina turf will continue to enjoy the benefit of his experience, enterprise, and public spirit. The Virginius filly ran a very game race, and was sold after it for $1000, to Col. AUGUSTUS FLUD.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9—J. C. Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Mr. — Richardson's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.	1 1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.	2 2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.	3 3

Time, 6:08—6:10.

Santa Anna was the favorite against the field, and won the 1st heat handily; in the 2d, after leading for three-fourths of a mile, he attempted to bolt, and the Rob Roy filly took the track from him. An interesting contest immediately ensued for a mile and a half, when the filly "cried enough," and the colt won cleverly. His weight and the previous hard work this season, proved too much for the cocktail, whose pair of bellows evidently wanted mending towards the finish of the last heat. If the Kentucky drovers have any more geldings like him, they can do a better thing than selling them for saddle horses in Carolina; such trumps would be out and outers in situations not designated as "soft places."

THURSDAY, Jan. 10—J. C. Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Powell McRa's ch. f. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Imp. Bedford, 3 yrs.	0 1 1
Col. A. Flud's ch. m. *Aunt Pontypool*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Virginius, 5 yrs.	0 2 2
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. *Rienzi*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard, 4 y	3 3 3
Dr. Danby's b. c by Bertrand Jr., out of Amanda	dist.

Time, 4:04—4:04—4:05.

Ellen Percy was the favorite at odds; Aunt Pontypool, however, trailed her until the last quarter of the 1st heat, where she made play, and after a severe brush made a dead heat of it: the best part of the joke was, that Ellen's rider was directed to trail "My Aunt," but could not pull the filly back steadily. In the 2d heat Ellen went off from the score at a racing pace, and won it and the 3d in sporting style. The race being booked a certainty by Ellen's friends, before and after the 1st heat, considerable betting took place between the backers of the other two, Rienzi having the call; the race between them, maugre the indifferent time, is described as having been quite interesting.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, HAMPTON COURSE.

In our last we published a report of the races on the first two days, and might have added the remainder, but for the failure on Friday of the Southern Mail, the Secretary's letter having been mailed on the 12th instant. It is now subjoined:—

THURSDAY, Jan. 10—Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing mares and geldings 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's (Crowell & Winter's) imported b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, out of Florestine by Whisker	1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs.	2 2
Dr. Boyd's b. m. *Convention*, by Bertrand, out of Poor Girl, 5 yrs.	3 3

Time, 6.38—6:04.

FRIDAY, Jan. 11—J. C. Purse $1500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	1 1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	2 2
Jas. Leveritch's b. c. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, 3 yrs.	3 3

Time, 8:05—8:03.

SATURDAY, Jan. 12—Purse $400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James Leveritch's s. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	1	2	1	2	3	1
G. Edmondson's gr. f *Alice Ann*, by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.	3	1	2	3	2	2
Wm. McCargo's b. f. *Jane Hilliard*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	4	4	4	1	1	3
Dr. Boyd's b. f. *Compromise*, by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 3 yrs.	2	3	3	4	dr	

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:54—1:54—1:56—1:55.

LAFAYETTE (Ind.) FALL RACES.

An attentive friend has undertaken to supply the report of these races, which the neglect of the Secretary obliged us to advertise for. They commenced on the "Union Course" on

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Wm. Peter's b. g. *Martin Van Buren*, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Squaw by Indian, 5 yrs.	1 1
N. F. Cunningham's b. m. *Polly Hopkins*, by Splendor, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.	2 2

Time, 8:18—8:17. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

John Short's ch. g. *Willis*, by Bertrand, dam by Southern Eclipse, 5 yrs.	1 1 1
A. J. Rogers' br. m. *Roxana*, by Imp. Arabian Kocklani, 5 yrs.	2 dist.

Time, 1.59—1:59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Thomas Dowling's b. f. *Jemima Burbridge*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs.	1
Mr. Slayne's ch. m. *Floretta*, by Potomac, dam by Sir William of Transport, 6 yrs.	dist.

Time, 4:08. Run during a shower.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $150, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

N. F. Cunningham's b. m. *Polly Hopkins*, by Splendor, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.	1 1
J. H. Harris' br. h. *Master Burton*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip	2 dist.

Time not kept. Won with ease. T. D.

Aquatic.—We have received per Express the result of the Regatta, which came off on the 7th inst., at Carrollton, six miles above New Orleans, on the Mississippi, opposite Col. OLIVER'S "Eclipse Course." Our correspondent says—"It is the first regular regatta we have ever had in this city, and consequently excited no little interest. Three entries were made—two crack boats from Mobile, the *Fairy*, belonging to the Seadrift Club, and the *Crolius*, owned by the Wave Club, besides the *Ariel* of this city [New Orleans]. A large number of spectators were in attendance, who appeared highly delighted with the sports. Here is the record:—

MONDAY, Jan. 7, 1839—*Boat Race*—For a splendid Pitcher, presented by a Gentleman of New Orleans, free for any four-oared boat. Distance, four miles

Fairy, built by Shamburg, of N. York—Crew, Wm. Jones, jun., Edw. Faher, Samuel Hooks, and John Houseman; Coxswain, D. K. Vandervoort	1
Crolius, built by Crolius, of N. Y—Crew: James Griffin, T. M. Botner, William Wood, and Jacob Crosby; Coxswain, John B. Todd	2
Ariel, belonging to the Ariel Club, of N. O.—Crew: M. Macker, D. P. Green, Thomas Rollins, and Wm. Thomas; Coxswain, Joseph Armstrong	3

Time, 20 minutes.

"A great deal of interest was excited, and "any quantity" of "loose change" changed pockets, as "the Mobile boys" went it with a perfect looseness. The "Crolius" was known in New York as the "Independence," and was beaten last summer by the "Shamburg," having two feet the advantage in length. The Fairy never having been beaten, her friends could not be "bluffed off." At the start she took the lead, which she maintained throughout, coming in 350 yards a-head. B."

We understand that this manly exercise will be kept up next season in this city with more spirit than ever, as several crack boats have been turned out by our best builders this winter, and the crews are only waiting for an opposition boat to "knock the chip off their shoulder," to go at it with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

RICHMOND, (Va.) Jan. 19, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—As you cannot esteem the wit of the course as coarse wit, I take the liberty of imforming you, that a friend observed, upon seeing McCARGO's colts, "that *Steel*, by Fylde, must be a horse of good mettle, but that he considered *Iron* (I-run) a better name for him;" and upon being asked what he thought of *Altorf*, replied, "it is my opinion that Altorf *will tell* as *Will. Tell* did in Altorf." Was not that smart? FOUL-FEN.

"THE COURSE OF THINGS."

Two youths, small fortunes at command
But whose ambition knew no bounds,
Essayed,—the one a "four in hand,"
The other, "MELTON" and its hounds.

Dire was their fate, yet just we feel
To those who gold for folly barter;
For one was "broke upon the *wheel*,"
The other died a "*Fox's Martyr.*" EHEU! JEHU!

SPRING MEETING, ECLIPSE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, will commence on the Second Wednesday, 13th March, 1839, and continue five days. Particulars in due time.

The following **Sweepstakes** are now open. Gentlemen wishing to enter in either will please address the Proprietor.

No. 1. For 3 yr. old colts, sub. $500, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 4 subs.

No. 2. For 2 yr. old colts, sub. $1000, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds owned in the State of Louisiana, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION

IN READING AND ELOCUTION.—A complete system for the permanent cure of *Stammering*, and *all other Impediments of Speech*. Also, all affections of the voice or vocal organs, and that disease of the throat termed Chronic Bronchetis, by WILLIAM D. KING, *Professor of Elocution*, No. 192 West Broadway, 3d door from Canal-st. Mr. King, after nearly twenty years experience in teaching, is enabled to impart instruction by a method entirely his own, from which the learner can understand the analysis and correct delivery of every variety of English composition; and also, to criticise his own utterance, and the utterance of others; it is impossible, therefore, to acquire tone, mannerism, or any other kind of affectation. Mr. King will be at home every day at half past 12 o'clock. Communications from abroad (post paid) will receive immediate attention.

References—Rev. Dr. Wainwright, William Forrest, Esq., Principal of the Collegiate School, No. 115 Franklin-st., Mrs. W. Roberts, Female Seminary, Rev. Dr. Spring, Eleazer Parmly, Park Place, and B. F. Butler, Esq. [J26]

TERROR & St. LEGER.

THE Subscriber offers the above named Stallions for Sale or to Farm out the ensuing season.

TERROR is a dark brown, full 5 feet 6 inches high, and well proportioned; 8 yrs. old. He is full brother to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, and is the largest thorough-bred horse in Virginia, and has proved himself a sure and good foal getter.

St. LEGER is full brother to the noted race mare Ariel, O'Kelly, and Lance. He is a beautiful dapple grey, 8 yrs. old the approaching Spring, 5 feet 3 inches high, of great bone and substance, and has likewise proved himself a sure and good foal getter.

Both of the above horses are at my stable, in the county of Hanover, Va., 18 miles north of the city of Richmond.

Any communications to me must be directed to the city of Richmond.

Hanover, Jan 20, 1839.—[J26-3t] WM. L. WHITE.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE following thorough-bred and promising Stock, now on their way from England, will be on sale the beginning of February, in New Orleans, and as from their pedigree and appearance they are not surpassed by any thing imported into this country, they are well worth attention.

Bay Filly by Trumpator, dam by Dick Andrews, the dam of Picton, &c., one yr. old.
Bay Filly by Trumpator, out of Ringdove, 1 yr.
Bay Filly by Mulatto, out of sister to Redstart by Whisker, out of Rhodocantha, 1 yr.
Chesnut Colt by Zinganee, out of Malibran by Rubens, out of Bolter's dam, 3 yrs.
Bay Colt by Priam or Zinganee, out of Whisker's dam, 2 yrs.
Brown Filly by Revenue, out of Eliza by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs.; covered by Warlaby Baylock.
Black Filly by Olympus, out of Proserpine, the dam of Jupiter, &c., 4 yrs.
Bay Filly by Tramp or Waverley, out of Bamfylde Carew's dam, 3 yrs.

☞ Apply on board the ship Henrietta, or at the corner of Bank Place and Gravier-st., New Orleans. [J12-3t]

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 24 miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 10½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bins capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere, or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, four of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer; a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house, 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P., Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, Fanti, Dosoris, Zela, Terrific, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. ISAAC VAN LEER, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

TROTTING, KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE following purses will be given for the improvement of Trotting Horses, to be run in the order in which they are set down.

On the day previous to the regular Spring races, a purse of $100, free only for horses belonging to Maryland, which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

Same day—Purse $200, free only for horses belonging to Maryland that never won a purse over $100, entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat; Mile heats in Harness.

On the day following the Races a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat, Three mile heats under the Saddle, free for all.

Same day—Purse $300, $100 of which goes to the 2d in the last heat, free only for horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course. Entries for the first two purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock P.M. Entries for the last two purses will close on the last day of the Races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent. Stables, litter, and straw, gratis.

Baltimore, Nov. 30, 1838.—[d29] J. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS RACES, LOUISIANA COURSE.

THE Jockey Club Spring Meeting over the Louisiana Course will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 20th March.

First day—Creole Purse $500, Mile heats.
Same day—Proprietors' Purse $250, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, of which the 2d best will be entitled to $200 if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1800, $300 to go to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1500; Three mile heats.
Fourth day—For a Splendid Silver Urn, value $1500, and Jockey Club Purse of $500, and $500 extra to be given to the 2d best horse in the race, if more than two start; Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $600, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Same day—The Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000, Two mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
MANDEVILLE MARIGNY, } *Proprietors.*

[J19-t16mh]

Sweepstakes, Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $300, ft. $200. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next:
Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs.

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

FOR SALE,

A POINTER DOG, well bred, and broken by one of the best breakers in this country. He is now 3 years yol. Enquire at this office. [d15]

GREENSBOROUGH (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB SPRING RACES,

OVER the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH, & BEVERLEY, Proprietor.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J 19]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES, for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

A WATER DOG WANTED.

A FIRST RATE Water-Dog is wanted immediately, for which a liberal price will be paid. A handsome Setter Spaniel would be preferred. Apply at This Office, corner of Broadway and Barclay-street, Basement. [J19]

VETERINARY SURGERY AND HORSE-SHOEING.

PRICE REDUCED.—The Subscriber with pleasure announces to his former patrons and others, that he is now enabled to Shoe Horses for twelve shillings a sett (his former price having been fourteen), and that any person sending horses to his forge, may depend upon having them shod in the *very best manner*, by himself and brothers, who have received the premiums at the last four Fairs of the American and Mechanics' Institutes, as may be seen by calling at his establishment, where likewise his general work may be examined and explanations given.

Lame horses, from bad shoeing or other causes, made to go sound in a very short time; in most cases from superior shoeing alone

The subscriber also attends to the diseases of horses as usual, at his Infirmary and the vicinity, which he treats on the most approved scientific principles of the London and Edinburgh Schools; he is a regular Graduate of the latter Institution, of which he received the Diploma as Veterinary Surgeon on the 14th April, 1833.

New York, Jan. 11, 1839. JAMES DRYSDALE, Veterinary Surgeon.

N.B. The most respectable references given. Apply at No. 18 Fifth Street, near the Bowery. [J19-6t]

STALLIONS FOR 1839.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 and $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va. at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Shirley, at $60 and $100.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80, $100, and $1 to the groom.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn., at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Gov. Richardson's Goldfinder mare by Virginius, at Wm. Moody's stable, Mount Forest, Northampton Co., N.C., at $60, $100, & $1.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodlee Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at Samuel Davenport & Co's stable, near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq. at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50 the season—$1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the groom.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75, $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H, N. J., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Basin Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his 2d season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150 and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn., limited to 20 mares, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming Co., Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsan's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125—$1 to grm.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 44 miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. James W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100 and $1 to the groom.

☞ Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of $20, in this paper, no charge will be made.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance $5 00
For Six Months' Subscription, in advance 2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed—
For one Square, (twenty-two lines) first insertion $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto) each subsequent insertion . . . 1 00

Publication office American Hotel Basement, corner Broadway and Barclay st. where communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.